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## TO THE QUEEN

*Revered, beloved—O you that hold  
A nobler office upon earth  
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth  
Could give the warrior kings of old,*

*Victoria,—since your Royal grace  
To one of less desert allows  
This laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that utter'd nothing base ,*

*And should your greatness, and the care  
That yokes with empire, yield you time  
To make demand of modern rhyme  
If aught of ancient worth be there ,*

*Then—while a sweeter music wakes,  
And thro' wild March the thristle calls,  
Where all about your palace walls  
The sun lit almond-blossom shakes—*

TO THE QUEEN

*Take, Madam, this poor book of song  
For tho' the faults were thick as dust  
In vacant chambers, I could trust  
Your kindness    May you rule us long,*

*And leave us rulers of your blood  
As noble till the latest day '  
May children of our children say,  
' She wrought her people lasting good*

*' Her court was pure , her life serene ,  
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ,  
A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen*

*' And statesmen at her council met  
Who knew the seasons when to take  
Occasion by the hand, and make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet*

*' By shaping some august decree,  
Which kept her throne unshaken still,  
Broad-based upon her people's will,  
And compass'd by the inviolate sea '*

**March 1851**

# JUVENILIA

## CLARIBEL

### A MELODY

#### I

WHERE Claribel low lieth  
    The breezes pause and die,  
    Letting the rose leaves fall  
But the solemn oak tree sigheth,  
    Thick leaved, ambrosial,  
With an ancient melody  
Of an inward agony,  
Where Claribel low lieth

#### II

At eve the beetle boometh  
    Athwart the thicket lone  
At noon the wild bee hummeth  
    About the moss'd headstone

*CLARIBEL*

At midnight the moon cometh,  
And looketh down alone  
Her song the lintwhite swelleth  
The clear voiced mavis dwelleth,  
The callow throstle lispeth,  
The slumbrous wave outwelleth,  
The babbling runnel crispeth,  
The hollow grot replieth  
Where Claribel low lieth

## NOTHING WILL DIE

WHEN will the stream be weary of flowing  
Under my eye?

When will the wind be weary of blowing  
Over the sky?

When will the clouds be weary of fleeting?

When will the heart be weary of beating?  
And nature die?

Never, oh ' never, nothing will die ,

The stream flows,

The wind blows,

The cloud fleets,

The heart beats,

Nothing will die

Nothing will die ,

All things will change

Thro' eternity

'Tis the world's winter ,

Autumn and summer

Are gone long ago ,

*NOTHING WILL DIE*

Earth is dry to the centre,  
But spring, a new comer,  
A spring rich and strange,  
Shall make the winds blow  
Round and round,  
Thro' and thro',  
Here and there,  
Till the air  
And the ground  
Shall be fill'd with life anew

The world was never made ,  
It will change, but it will not fade.  
So let the wind range ,  
For even and morn  
Ever will be  
Thro' eternity  
Nothing was born ,  
Nothing will die ,  
All things will change

## ALL THINGS WILL DIE

CLEARLY the blue river chimes in its flowing  
    Under my eye ,  
Warmly and broadly the south winds are blowing  
    Over the sky  
One after another the white clouds are fleeting ,  
Every heart this May morning in joyance is beating  
    Full merrily ,  
    Yet all things must die  
    The stream will cease to flow ,  
    The wind will cease to blow ,  
    The clouds will cease to fleet ,  
    The heart will cease to beat ,  
    For all things must die  
    All things must die  
Spring will come never more  
    Oh ! vanity !  
Death waits at the door.  
See ! our friends are all forsaking  
The wine and the merrymaking  
We are call'd—we must go  
Laid low, very low,  
In the dark we must lie



*ALL THINGS WILL DIE*

The merry glees are still ,  
The voice of the bird  
Shall no more be heard,  
Nor the wind on the hill

Oh ! misery !

Hark ! death is calling  
While I speak to ye,  
The jaw is falling,  
The red cheek paling,  
The strong limbs failing ,  
Ice with the warm blood mixing ,  
The eyeballs fixing  
Nine times goes the passing bell  
Ye merry souls, farewell

The old earth

Had a birth,

As all men know,

Long ago

And the old earth must die  
So let the warm winds range,  
And the blue wave beat the shore ,  
For even and morn  
Ye will never see  
Thro' eternity  
All things were born.  
Ye will come never more,  
For all things must die

## LEONINE ELEGIACS

LOW FLOWING breezes are roaming the broad valley  
    dimmed in the gloaming  
Thoro' the black stumm'd pines only the far river  
    shines  
Creeping thro' blossomy rushes and bowers of rose  
    blowing bushes,  
Down by the poplar tall rivulets babble and fall  
Barketh the shepherd dog cheerly, the grasshopper  
    carolleth clearly,  
Deeply the wood dove coos, shrilly the owlet halloos,  
Winds creep, dewes fall chilly in her first sleep earth  
    breathes stilly  
Over the pools in the burn water gnats murmur and  
    mourn  
Sadly the far kine loweth the glimmering water out  
    floweth  
Twin peaks shadow'd with pine slope to the dark  
    hyaline  
Low throned Hesper is stayed between the two peaks,  
    but the Naiad

Throbbing in mild unrest holds him beneath in her  
breast

The ancient poetess singeth, that Hesperus all things  
bringeth,

Smoothing the wearied mind bring me my love,  
Rosalind

Thou comest morning or even, she cometh not  
morning or even

False eyed Hesper, unkind, where is my sweet Rosa  
lind?

## SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS

OF A SECOND RATE SENSITIVE MIND

O GOD ! my God ! have mercy now  
I faint, I fall    Men say that I thou  
Didst die for me, for such as *me*,  
Patient of ill, and death, and scorn,  
And that my sin was as a thorn  
Among the thorns that girt I hy brow,  
Wounding Thy soul — That even now,  
In this extremest misery  
Of ignorance, I should require  
A sign ! and if a bolt of fire  
Would rive the slumbrous summer noon  
While I do pray to Thee alone,  
I think my belief would stronger grow !  
Is not my human pride brought low ?  
The boastings of my spirit still ?  
The joy I had in my freewill  
All cold, and dead, and corpse-like grown !  
And what is left to me, but Thou,

And faith in Thee? Men pass me by,  
 Christians with happy countenances—  
 And children all seem full of Thee!  
 And women smile with saint-like glances  
 Like Thine own mother's when she bow'd  
 Above Thee, on that happy morn  
 When angels spake to men aloud,  
 And Thou and peace to earth were born  
 Goodwill to me as well as all—  
 I one of them—my brothers they  
 Brothers in Christ—a world of peace  
 And confidence, day after day  
 And trust and hope till things should cease,  
 And then one Heaven receive us all

How sweet to have a common faith!  
 To hold a common scorn of death!  
 And at a burial to hear  
 The creaking cords which wound and eat  
 Into my human heart, when'er  
 Earth goes to earth, with grief, not fear,  
 With hopeful grief, were passing sweet!

Thrice happy state again to be  
 The trustful infant on the knee!  
 Who lets his rosy fingers play  
 About his mother's neck, and knows

Nothing beyond his mother's eyes  
 They comfort him by night and day ,  
 They light his little life away ,  
 He hath no thought of coming woes ,  
 He hath no care of life or death ,  
 Scarce outward signs of joy arise,  
 Because the Spirit of happiness  
 And perfect rest so inward is  
 And loveth so his innocent heart,  
 Her temple and her place of birth,  
 Where she would ever wish to dwell,  
 Life of the fountain there, beneath  
 Its salient springs, and far apart,  
 Hating to wander out on earth,  
 Or breathe into the hollow air,  
 Whose chillness would make visible  
 Her subtil, warm, and golden breath,  
 Which mixing with the infant's blood,  
 Fulfils him with beatitude  
 Oh ! sure it is a special care  
 Of God, to fortify from doubt,  
 To arm in proof, and guard about  
 With triple-mailed trust, and clear  
 Delight, the infant's dawning year

Would that my gloomed fancy were  
 As thine, my mother, when with brows

Propt on thy knees, my hands upheld  
 In thine, I listen d to thy vows  
 For me outpour'd in holiest prayer —  
 For me unworthy !—and beheld  
 Thy mild deep eyes upraised, that knew  
 The beauty and repose of faith,  
 And the clear spirit shining thro  
 Oh ! wherefore do we grow awry  
 From roots which strike so deep ? why dare  
 Paths in the desert ? Could not I  
 Bow myself down, where thou hast knelt  
 To the earth—until the ice would melt  
 Here, and I feel as thou hast felt ?  
 What Devil had the heart to scathe  
 Flowers thou hadst rear'd—to brush the dew  
 From thine own lily, when thy grave  
 Was deep, my mother, in the clay ?  
 Myself ? Is it thus ? Myself ? Had I  
 So little love for thee ? But why  
 Prevail'd not thy pure prayers ? Why pray  
 I to one who heeds not, who can save  
 But will not ? Great in faith, and strong  
 Against the grief of circumstance  
 Wert thou, and yet unheard. What if  
 Thou pleadest still, and seest me drive  
 Thro' utter dark a full sail'd skiff,  
 Unpiloted i' the echoing dance

Of reboant whirlwinds, stooping low  
 Unto the death, not sunk ! I know  
 At matins and at evensong,  
 That thou, if thou wert yet alive,  
 In deep and daily prayers would'st strive  
 To reconcile me with thy God  
 Albeit, my hope is gray, and cold  
 At heart, thou wouldest murmur still—  
 'Bring this lamb back into I hy fold,  
 My Lord, if so it be Thy will '  
 Would'st tell me I must brook the rod  
 And chastisement of human pride,  
 That pride, the sin of devils, stood  
 Betwixt me and the light of God !  
 That hitherto I had defied  
 And had rejected God—that grace  
 Would drop from his o'er brimming love,  
 As manna on my wilderness,  
 If I would pray—that God would move  
 And strike the hard, hard rock, and thence,  
 Sweet in their utmost bitterness,  
 Would issue tears of penitence  
 Which would keep green hope's life    Alas !  
 I think that pride hath now no place  
 Nor sojourn in me    I am void,  
 Dark, formless, utterly destroyed



Why not believe then? Why not yet  
 Anchor thy frailty there, where man  
 Hath moor'd and rested? Ask the sea  
 At midnight, when the crisp slope waves  
 After a tempest, rib and fret  
 The broad imbrued beach, why he  
 Slumbers not like a mountain tarn?  
 Wherefore his ridges are not curls  
 And ripples of an inland mere?  
 Wherefore he moaneth thus, nor can  
 Draw down into his vexed pools  
 All that blue heaven which hues and paves  
 The ether? I am too forlorn,  
 Too shaken by my own weakness fools  
 My judgment, and my spirit whirls,  
 Moved from beneath with doubt and fear

'Yet,' said I, in my morn of youth,  
 The unsunn'd freshness of my strength,  
 When I went forth in quest of truth,  
 'It is man's privilege to doubt,  
 If so be that from doubt at length,  
 Truth may stand forth unmoved of change,  
 An image with profulgent brows,  
 And perfect limbs, as from the storm  
 Of running fires and fluid range  
 Of lawless airs, at last stood out

This excellence and solid form  
 Of constant beauty — I or the Ox  
 Feeds in the herb, and sleeps, or fills  
 The horned valleys all about,  
 And hollows of the fringed hills  
 In summer heats, with placid lows  
 Unfearing, till his own blood flows  
 About his hoot — And in the flocks  
 The lamb rejoiceth in the year,  
 And raceth freely with his fere,  
 And answers to his mother's calls  
 From the flower'd furrow — In a time,  
 Of which he wots not, run short pains  
 Thro' his warm heart, and then, from whence  
 He knows not, on his light there falls  
 A shadow, and his native slope,  
 Where he was wont to leap and climb,  
 Floats from his sick and filmed eyes,  
 And something in the darkness draws  
 His forehead earthward, and he dies.  
 Shall man live thus, in joy and hope  
 As a young lamb, who cannot dream,  
 Living, but that he shall live on?  
 Shall we not look into the laws  
 Of life and death, and things that seem,  
 And things that be, and analyse  
 Our double nature, and compare

All creeds till we have found the one,  
If one there be ?' Ay me ! I fear  
All may not doubt, but everywhere  
Some must clasp Idols Yet, my God,  
Whom call I Idol ? Let I hy dove  
Shadow me over, and my sins  
Be unremember'd, and I hy love  
Enlighten me Oh teach me yet  
Somewhat before the heavy clod  
Weighs on me, and the busy fret  
Of that sharp headed worm begins  
In the gross blackness underneath

O weary life ! O weary death !  
O spirit and heart made desolate !  
O damned vacillating state !

## THE KRAKEN

BELOW the thunders of the upper deep ,  
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,  
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep  
The Kraken sleepeth faintest sunlights flee  
About his shadowy sides above him swell  
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height ,  
And far away into the sickly light,  
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell  
Unnumber'd and enormous polypi  
Winnow with giant arms the slumbering green  
There hath he lain for ages and will lie  
Battening upon huge seaworms in his sleep,  
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep ,  
Then once by man and angels to be seen,  
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die

## SONG

THE winds, as at their hour of birth,  
    Leaning upon the ridged sea,  
Breathed low around the rolling earth  
    With mellow preludes, 'We are free.'

The streams thro' many a lily row  
    Down carolling to the crisped sea,  
Low tinkled with a bell like flow  
    Atween the blossoms, 'We are free'

## LILIAN

AIRY, fairy Lilian,  
Flitting, fairy Lilian,  
When I ask her if she love me,  
Claps her tiny hands above me,  
Laughing all she can ,  
She'll not tell me if she love me,  
Cruel little Lilian

## II

When my passion seeks  
Pleasance in love sighs,  
She, looking thro' and thro' me  
Thoroughly to undo me,  
Smiling, never speaks  
So innocent arch, so cunning simple,  
From beneath her gathered wimple  
Glancing with black beaded eyes,

Till the lightning laughs dimple  
The baby roses in her cheeks,  
Then away she flies

## III

Prythee weep, May Lilian !  
Griety without eclipse  
Warmeth me, May Lilian  
Thro' my very heart it thrilleth  
When from crimson threaded lips  
Silver treble laughter trilleth  
Prythee weep, May Lilian

## IV

Praying all I can,  
If prayers will not hush thee,  
Airy Lilian,  
Like a rose leaf I will crush thee,  
Fairy Lilian

## ISABEL

### I

EYES not down dropt nor over bright, but fed  
With the clear pointed flame of chastity,  
Clear, without heat, undying, tended by  
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane  
Of her still spirit    locks not wide disspread,  
Madonna wise on either side her head  
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign  
The summer calm of golden charity,  
Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood,  
Revered Isabel, the crown and head,  
The stately flower of female fortitude,  
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead

### II

The intuitive decision of a bright  
And thorough-edged intellect to part  
Error from crime , a prudence to withhold ,  
The laws of marriage character'd in gold  
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart ,



A love still burning upward, giving light  
To read those laws, an accent very low  
In blandishment, but a most silver flow

Of subtle paced counsel in distress,  
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,  
Winning its way with extreme gentleness  
I thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride,  
A courage to endure and to obey,  
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,  
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,  
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife

## III

The mellow'd reflex of a winter moon,  
A clear stream flowing with a muddy one,  
Till in its onward current it absorbs  
With swifter movement and in purer light  
The vexed eddies of its wayward brother  
A leaning and upbearing parasite,  
Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite  
With cluster'd flower bells and ambrosial orbs  
Of rich fruit bunches leaning on each other—  
Shadow forth thee —the world hath not another  
(Tho' all her fairest forms are types of thee,  
And thou of God in thy great charity)  
Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity

## MARIANA

‘ Mariana in the moated grange  
*Measure for Measure.*

WITH blackest moss the flower plots  
Were thickly crusted, one and all  
The rusted nails fell from the knots  
That held the pear to the gable wall  
The broken sheds look’d sad and strange  
Unlifted was the clinking latch ,  
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
Upon the lonely moated grange  
She only said, ‘ My life is dreary,  
He cometh not,’ she said ,  
She said, ‘ I am a weary, weary,  
I would that I were dead !’

Her tears fell with the dews at even ,  
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ,  
She could not look on the sweet heaven  
Either at morn or eventide

After the flitting of the bats,  
When thickest dark did trance the sky,  
She drew her casement curtain by,  
And glanced athwart the glooming flats  
She only said, 'The night is dreary,  
He cometh not,' she said,  
She said, 'I am weary, weary,  
I would that I were dead !'

Upon the middle of the night,  
Waking she heard the night fowl crow  
The cock sung out an hour ere light  
From the dark fen the oxen's low  
Came to her without hope of change,  
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,  
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn  
About the lonely moated grange  
She only said, 'The day is dreary,  
He cometh not,' she said  
She said, 'I am weary, weary,  
I would that I were dead !'

About a stone-cast from the wall  
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,  
And o'er it many, round and small,  
The cluster'd marish mosses crept.

Hard by a poplar shook alway,  
 All silver green with gnarled bark  
 For leagues no other tree did mark  
 The level waste, the rounding gray  
 She only said, 'My life is dreary,  
 He cometh not,' she said,  
 She said, 'I am aweary, weary,  
 I would that I were dead'

And ever when the moon was low,  
 And the shrill winds were up and away,  
 In the white curtain, to and fro,  
 She saw the gusty shadow sway  
 But when the moon was very low,  
 And wild winds bound within their cell,  
 The shadow of the poplar fell  
 Upon her bed, across her brow  
 She only said, 'The night is dreary,  
 He cometh not,' she said,  
 She said, 'I am aweary, weary,  
 I would that I were dead'

All day within the dreamy house,  
 The doors upon their hinges creak'd,  
 The blue fly sung in the pane, the mouse  
 Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,

Or from the crevice peer'd about  
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,  
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,  
Old voices called her from without  
She only said, 'My life is dreary,  
He cometh not,' she said  
She said, 'I am weary, weary,  
I would that I were dead !'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,  
The slow clock ticking, and the sound  
Which to the wooing wind aloof  
The poplar made, did all confound  
Her sense, but most she loathed the hour  
When the thick moted sunbeam lay  
Athwart the chambers, and the day  
Was sloping toward his western bower  
Then, said she, 'I am very dreary,  
He will not come,' she said,  
She wept, 'I am weary, weary,  
Oh God, that I were dead !'

## MARIANA IN THE SOUTH

WITH one black shadow at its feet,  
The house thro' all the level shines,  
Close latticed to the brooding heat,  
And silent in its dusty vines  
A faint blue ridge upon the right,  
An empty river bed before,  
And shallows on a distant shore,  
In glaring sand and inlets bright.  
But 'Ave Mary,' made she moan  
And 'Ave Mary,' night and morn  
And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone,  
To live forgotten, and love forlorn

She, as her carol sadder grew,  
From brow and bosom slowly down  
Thro' rosy taper fingers drew  
Her streaming curls of deepest brown

To left and right, and made appear  
Still lighted in a secret shrine,  
Her melancholy eyes divine  
The home of woe without a tear  
And 'Ave Mary,' was her moan,  
'Madonna, sad is night and morn'  
And 'Ah, she sang, 'to be all alone,  
I live forgotten, and love forlorn

Till all the crimson changed, and past  
Into deep orange o'er the sea,  
I bow on her knees herself she cast,  
Before Our Lady murmur'd she  
Complaining, 'Mother, give me grace  
To help me of my weary load'  
And on the liquid mirror glow'd  
The clear perfection of her face  
'Is this the form,' she made her moan,  
'That won his praises night and morn?'  
And 'Ah,' she said, 'but I wake alone  
I sleep forgotten, I wake forlorn'

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,  
Nor any cloud would cross the vault  
But day increased from heat to heat,  
On stony drought and steaming salt,

*MAKIANA IN THE SOUTH*

Ill now at noon she slept again,  
And seem'd knee deep in mountain grass, •  
And heard her native breezes pass,  
And runlets babbling down the glen  
She breathed in sleep a lower moan,  
And murmuring, as at night and morn  
She thought ' My spirit is here alone  
Walks forgotten, and is forlorn '

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream  
She felt he was and was not there  
She woke the babble of the stream  
Fell, and, without, the steady glare  
Shrunk one sick willow sere and small  
The river bed was dusty white ,  
And all the furnace of the light  
Struck up against the blinding wall  
She whisper'd, with a stifled moan  
More inward than at night or morn,  
' Sweet Mother, let me not here alone  
I've forgotten and die forlorn '

And, rising, from her bosom drew  
Old letters, breathing of her worth,  
For ' Love,' they said, ' must needs be true  
To what is loveliest upon earth '



An image seem'd to pass the door,  
To look at her with slight, and say  
‘But now thy beauty flows away,  
So be alone for evermore’  
‘O cruel heart,’ she changed her tone,  
‘And cruel love, whose end is scorn,  
Is this the end to be left alone,  
To live forgotten, and die forlorn?’

But sometimes in the falling day  
An image seem'd to pass the door,  
To look into her eyes and say,  
‘But thou shalt be alone no more’  
And flaring downward over all  
From heart to heart the day decreased,  
And slowly rounded to the east  
The one black shadow from the wall  
‘The day to night,’ she made her moan,  
‘The day to night, the night to morn  
And day and night I am left alone  
To live forgotten, and love forlorn’

At eve a dry cicala sung,  
I here came a sound as of the sea  
Backward the lattice blind she flung,  
And lean'd upon the balcony

There all in spaces rosy bright  
Large Hesper glitter'd on her tears,  
And deepening thro' the silent spheres  
Heaven over Heaven rose the night  
And weeping then she made her moan,  
    'The night comes on that knows not morn,  
When I shall cease to be all alone  
    To live forgotten, and love forlorn '

CLEAR HEADED friend, whose joyful scorn,  
 Edged with sharp laughter, cuts atwain  
 The knots that tangle human creeds,  
 The wounding cords that bind and stain  
 The heart until it bleeds,  
 Ray fringed eyelids of the morn  
 Roof not a glance so keen as thine  
 If aught of prophecy be mine,  
 Thou wilt not live in vain

Low-cowering shall the Sophist sit  
 Falsehood shall bare her plaited brow  
 Fair fronted Truth **shall** droop not now  
 With shrilling shafts of subtle wit  
 Nor martyr flames, nor trenchant swords  
 Can do away that ancient lie,  
 A gentler death shall Falsehood die,  
 Shot thro' and thro' with cunning words.

## III

Weak Truth a leaning on her crutch,  
Wan, wasted Truth in her utmost need  
Thy kingly intellect shall feed,  
Until she be an athlete bold,  
And weary with a finger's touch  
Those withered limbs of lightning speed  
Like that strange angel which of old  
Until the breaking of the light  
Wrestled with wandering Israel  
Past Yabbok brook the livelong night,  
And heaven's mazed signs stood still  
In the dim tract of Penue!

## MADFLINE

### I

THOU art not steep'd in golden languors  
No tranced summer calm is thine,  
Ever varying Madeline  
Thro' light and shadow thou dost range,  
Sudden glances, sweet and strange,  
Delicious spites and darling angers,  
And airy forms of flitting change

### II

Smiling, frowning, evermore,  
Thou art perfect in love lore  
Reverings deep and clear are thine  
Of wealthy smiles but who may know  
Whether smile or frown be fleeter?  
Whether smile or frown be sweeter,  
Who may know?  
Frowns perfect sweet along the brow  
Light glooming over eyes divine,

Like little clouds sun fringed, are thine,  
 Ever varying Madeline  
 Thy smile and frown are not aloof  
 From one another,  
 Each to each is dearest brother  
 Hues of the silken sheeny wool  
 Momently shot into each other  
 All the mystery is thine,  
 Smiling, frowning, evermore,  
 Thou art perfect in love lore  
 Ever varying Madeline

III

A subtle, sudden flame,  
 By veering passion fanned,  
 About thee breaks and dances  
 When I would kiss thy hand,  
 The flush of anger'd shame  
 O'erflows thy calmer glances,  
 And o'er black brows drops down  
 A sudden-curved frown  
 But when I turn away,  
 Thou, willing me to stay,  
 Wooest not, nor vainly wranglest  
 But, looking fixedly the while  
 All my bounding heart entanglest  
 In a golden netted smile,

Then in madness and in bliss,  
If my lips should dare to kiss  
Thy taper fingers amorously,  
Again thou blushest angrily  
And o'er black brows drops down  
A sudden curved frown

## SONG- THE OWL

### I

WHEN cats run home and light is come,  
And dew is cold upon the ground,  
And the fu off stream is dumb, †  
And the whirring sail goes round,  
And the whirr ng sail goes round ,  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits

### II

When merry milkmaids click the latch,  
And rarely smells the new mown hay,  
And the cock hath sung, beneath the thatch  
Twice or thrice his roundelay,  
Twice or thrice his roundelay  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits



## SECOND SONG

TO THE SAME

THY tuwhits are lull'd, I wot,  
Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,  
Which upon the dark afloat,  
So took echo with delight,  
So took echo with delight  
That her voice untuneful grown,  
Wears all day a funter tone

II

I would mock thy chaunt anew ,  
But I cannot mimick it ,  
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,  
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,  
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit  
With a lengthen'd loud halloo,  
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo o o

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE  
ARABIAN NIGHTS

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free  
In the silken sail of infancy,  
The tide of time flow'd back with me,  
The forward flowing tide of time ,  
And many a sheeny summer morn,  
Adown the Tigris I was borne  
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,  
High walled gardens green and old ,  
True Mussulman was I and sworn,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alrashed

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'  
The low and bloomed foliage, drove  
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove  
The citron shadows in the blue  
By golden porches on the brim,  
The costly doors flung open wide,

Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,  
And broider'd sofas on each side  
In sooth it was a goodly time,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid

Often where clear stemmed platans guard  
The outlet, did I turn away  
The boat head down a broad canal  
From the main river sluiced, where all  
The sloping of the moon lit sward  
Was damask work, and deep inlay  
Of braided blooms unmown, which crept  
Adown to where the water slept  
A goodly place, a goodly time,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid

A motion from the river won  
Ridged the smooth level bearing on  
My shallop thro' the star-strown calm,  
Until another night in night  
I entered from the clearer light  
Imbowed vaults of pillar'd palm  
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb  
Heavenward were stay'd beneath the dome

Of hollow boughs - A goodly time,  
I or it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid

Still onward and the clear canal  
Is rounded to as clear a lake  
From the green rivage many a fall  
Of diamond rillets musical,  
Thro' little crystal arches low  
Down from the central fountain's flow  
Fall'n silver chiming, seemed to shake  
The sparkling flints beneath the prow  
A goodly place, a goodly time,  
I or it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid

Above thro' many a bowery turn  
A walk with vry colour'd shells  
Wander'd engrund - On either side  
All round about the fragrant marge  
From fluted vase, and brazen urn  
In order casten flowers large,  
Some dropping low their crimson bells  
Half-closed, and others studded wide  
With disks and tiars fed the time  
With odour in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid

Far off, and where the lemon grove  
 In closest coverture upsprung,  
 The living urs of middle night  
 Died round the bulbul as he sung,  
 Not he but something which possessed  
 The darkness of the world, delight,  
 Life, anguish, death, immortal love,  
 Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd  
     Apart from place, withholding time,  
     but flattering the golden prime  
         Of good Haroun Alraschid

Black the garden bowers and grots  
 Slumber'd the solemn palms were ranged  
 Above unwoo'd of summer wind  
 A sudden splendour from behind  
 Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold green  
 And, flowing rapidly between  
 Their interspaces, counterchanged  
 The level lake with diamond plots  
     Of dark and bright   A lovely time,  
     For it was in the golden prime  
         Of good Haroun Alraschid

Dark blue the deep sphere overhead  
 Distinct with vivid stars inlaid  
 Grew darker from that under flume

So, leaping lightly from the boat,  
With silver anchor left afloat,  
In marvel whence that glory came  
Upon me as in sleep I sank  
In cool soft turf upon the bank  
Entranced with that place and time  
So worthy of the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid

Hence thro' the garden I was drawn—  
A realm of pleasure, many a mound,  
And many a shadow checker'd lawn  
Full of the city's stilly sound,  
And deep myrrh thickets blowing round  
The stately cedar, tamarisks,  
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,  
Full orient shrubs, and obelisks  
Graven with emblems of the time,  
In honour of the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid

With dazed vision unawares  
From the long alley's latticed shade  
Emerged, I came upon the great  
Pavilion of the Caliphat  
Right to the carven cedarn doors,  
Flung inward over spangled floors,

Broad based flights of marble stairs  
Ran up with golden balustrade,  
After the fashion of the time,  
And humour of the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid

The fourscore windows all alight  
As with the quintessence of flame,  
A million tapers flung bright  
From twisted silvers look'd to shame  
The hollow vaulted dark, and stream'd  
Upon the mooned domes aloof  
In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd  
Hundreds of crescents on the roof  
Of night new risen that marvellous time  
To celebrate the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid

Then stole I up, and trancedly  
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,  
Serene with argent lidded eyes  
Amorous, and lashes like to rays  
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl  
Dressed with redolent ebony,  
In many a dark delicious curl  
Flowing beneath her rose hued zone,

*THE ARABIAN NIGHTS*

The sweetest lady of the time,  
Well worthy of the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid

Six columns three on either side,  
Pure silver, underpropt a rich  
Throne of the massive ore, from which  
Down droop'd in many a floating fold  
Engarlanded and draper'd  
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold  
Thereon, his deep eye laughter stirr'd  
With merriment of kingly pride  
Sole star of all that place and time,  
I saw him— in his golden prime,  
THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID



## ODE TO MEMORY

ADDRESSED TO

THOU who steal'st fire  
From the fountains of the past,  
To glorify the present, oh, haste,  
Visit my low desire !  
Strengthen me, enlighten me !  
I fume in this obscurity,  
I hou dewy dawn of memory

II

Come not as thou camest of late,  
Flinging the gloom of yesternight  
On the white day, but robed in soften'd light  
Of orient state  
Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,  
Even as a maid, whose stately brow  
The dew impearled winds of dawn have kiss'd,  
When, she, as thou,

Strays on her floating locks the lovely freight  
Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots  
Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,  
Which in wintertide shall star  
The black earth with brilliance rare

## III

Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,  
And with the evening cloud,  
Showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast  
(I hose peerless flowers which in the rudest wind  
Never grow sere,  
When rooted in the garden of the mind,  
Because they are the earliest of the year)  
Nor was the night thy shroud  
In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest  
I hou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope  
I he eddying of her garments caught from thee  
The light of thy great presence, and the cope  
Of the half attun'd futurity,  
I ho' deep not fathomless,  
Was cloven with the million stars which tremble  
O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy  
Small thought was there of life's distress,  
For sure she deem'd no mist of earth could dull  
Those spirit thrilling eyes so keen and beautiful

Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,  
Listening the lordly music flowing from  
    The illimitable years  
    O strengthen me, enlighten me !  
    I fount in this obscurity,  
    Thou dewy dawn of memory

## IV

Come forth, I charge thee, arise,  
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes !  
Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines  
    Unto mine inner eye,  
    Divinest Memory !  
Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall  
Which ever sounds and shines  
    A pillar of white light upon the wall  
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried  
Come from the woods that belt the gray hill side  
The seven elms, the poplars four  
That stand beside my father's door,  
And chiefly from the brook that loves  
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,  
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,  
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,  
    In every elbow and turn,  
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland,

*ODE TO MEMORY*

O ' hither lead thy feet '  
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat  
Of the thick fleeced sheep from wattled folds,  
Upon the ridged wolds  
When the first matin song hath waken'd loud  
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn  
What time the amber morn  
Forth gushes from beneath a low hung cloud

Large dowries doth the raptur'd eye  
To the young spirit present  
When first she is wed  
And like a bride of old  
In triumph led,  
With music and sweet showers  
Of festal flowers,  
Unto the dwelling she must sway  
Well hast thou done, great artist Memory  
In setting round thy first experiment  
With royal frame work of wrought gold ,  
Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay,  
And foremost in thy various gallery  
Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls  
Upon the storied walls ,  
For the discovery

And newness of thine art so pleased thee,  
That all which thou hast drawn of furthest  
Or holdest since, but lightly weighs  
With thee unto the love thou bearest  
The first born of thy genius     Artist like,  
Ever retiring thou dost gaze  
On the prime labour of thine early days  
No matter what the sketch might be  
Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,  
Or even a sand built ridge  
Of heaped hills that mound the sea,  
Overblown with murmurs harsh,  
Or even a lowly cottage whence we see  
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous marsh  
Where from the frequent bridge,  
Like emblems of infinity  
The trenched waters run from sky to sky  
Or a garden bower'd close  
With platted alleys of the trailing rose,  
Long alleys falling down to twilight grotts  
Or opening upon level plots  
Of crowned lilies, standing near  
Purple spiked lavender  
Whither in after life retired  
From brawling storms,  
From weary wind,  
With youthful fancy re inspired,

We may hold converse with all forms  
Of the many sided mind,  
And those whom passion hath not blinded,  
Subtle thoughted, myriad minded

My friend, with you to live alone,  
Were how much better than to own  
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne !

O strengthen me enlighten me !  
I fume in this obscurity  
Thou dewy dawn of memory

## SONG

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours  
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers  
To himself he talks  
For at eventide listening earnestly  
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh  
In the walks  
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks  
Of the mouldering flowers  
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower  
Over its grave in the earth so chilly,  
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,  
Heavily hangs the tiger lily

## II

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,  
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose  
An hour before death,

My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves  
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves  
    And the breath  
    Of the fading edges of box beneath,  
And the year's last rose  
    Heavily hangs the broad sunflower  
    Over its grave in the earth so chilly  
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,  
    Heavily hangs the tiger lily



## A CHARACTER

WITH a half glance upon the sky  
At night he said, 'The wanderings  
Of this most intricate Universe  
Teach me the nothingness of things'  
Yet could not all creation pierce  
Beyond the bottom of his eye

He spake of beauty that the dull  
Saw no divinity in grass,  
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air,  
Then looking as 'twere in a glass,  
He smooth'd his chin and sleek'd his hair,  
And said the earth was beautiful

He spake of virtue not the gods  
More purely, when they wish to charm  
Pallas and Juno sitting by  
And with a sweeping of the arm,  
And a lack lustre dead blue eye,  
Devolved his rounded periods

Most delicately hour by hour  
He canvass'd human mysteries,  
And trod on silk, as if the winds  
Blew his own praises in his eyes,  
And stood aloof from other minds  
In impotence of fancied power

With lips depress'd as he were meek,  
Himself unto himself he sold  
Upon himself himself did feed  
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold,  
And other than his form of creed,  
With chisell'd features clear and sleek

## THE POET

THE poet in a golden clime was born  
    With golden stars above  
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn  
    The love of love

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,  
    He saw thro' his own soul  
The marvel of the everlasting will,  
    An open scroll

Before him lay with echoing feet he threaded  
    The secretest walks of fame  
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed  
    And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,  
    And of so fierce a flight,  
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,  
    Filling with light

And vibrant melodies the winds which bore  
Them earthward till they lit  
Then like the arrow seeds of the field flower  
The fruitful wit

Cleaving, took root and springing forth anew  
Where'er they fell, behold,  
Like to the mother plant in semblance, grew  
A flower all gold

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling  
The winged shafts of truth,  
To throng with stately blooms the breathing  
spring  
Of Hope and Youth

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,  
Tho' one did fling the lire  
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many dreams  
Of high desire

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world  
Like one great garden show'd,  
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd  
Rare sunrise flow'd

And Freedom rear'd in that august sunrise  
Her beautiful bold brow,  
When rites and forms before his burning eyes  
Melted like snow

There was no blood upon her maiden robes  
Sunn'd by those orient skies,  
But round about the circles of the globes  
Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced in flame  
WISDOM, a name to shake  
All evil dreams of power—a sacred name  
And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they ran,  
And as the lightning to the thunder  
Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,  
Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words No sword  
Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,  
But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his* word  
She shook the world

## THE POET'S MIND

### I

VEX not thou the poet's mind  
    With thy shallow wit  
Vex not thou the poet's mind ,  
    For thou canst not fathom it  
Clear and bright it should be ever,  
Flowing like a crystal river  
Bright as light, and clear as wind

### II

Dark brow'd sophist, come not anear ,  
    All the place is holy ground ,  
    Hollow smile and frozen sneer  
        Come not here  
    Holy water will I pour  
    Into every spicy flower  
Of the laurel shrubs that hedge it around  
The flowers would faint at your cruel cheer

In your eye there is death,  
There is frost in your breath  
Which would blight the plants  
Where you stand you cannot hear  
From the groves within  
The wild bird's din  
In the heart of the garden the merry bird chants  
It would fall to the ground if you came in  
In the middle leaps a fountain  
Like sheet lightning,  
Ever brightening  
With a low melodious thunder,  
All day and all night it is ever drawn  
From the brain of the purple mountain  
Which stands in the distance yonder  
It springs on a level of bowery lawn  
And the mountain draws it from Heaven above,  
And it sings a song of undying love  
And yet, tho' its voice be so clear and full,  
You never would hear it, your ears are so dull,  
So keep where you are you are foul with sin,  
It would shrink to the earth if you came in

## THE SEA FAIRIES

SLOW sail'd the weary mariners and saw,  
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,  
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest  
To little harps of gold , and while they mused  
Whispering to each other half in fear,  
Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea

Whither away, whither away, whither away ? fly no  
more

Whither away from the high green field, and the happy  
blossoming shore ?

Day and night to the billow the fountain calls  
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls  
From wandering over the lea  
Out of the live green heart of the dells  
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,  
And thick with white bells the clover hill swells  
High over the full toned sea  
O hither, come hither and furl your sails,  
Come hither to me and to me



Hither, come hither and frolic and play,  
Here it is only the mew that wails,  
We will sing to you all the day  
Mariner, mariner, fill your sails,  
For here are the blissful downs and dales,  
And merrily, merrily carol the gales,  
And the spangle dances in bight and bay,  
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land  
Over the islands free,  
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand,  
Hither, come hither and see,  
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,  
And sweet is the colour of cove and cave,  
And sweet shall your welcome be  
O hither, come hither, and be our lords,  
For merry brides are we  
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words  
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten  
With pleasure and love and jubilee  
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten  
When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords  
Runs up the ridged sea  
Who can light on as happy a shore  
All the world o'er, all the world o'er?  
Whither away? listen and stay mariner, mariner, fly  
no more

## THE DESERTED HOUSE

### I

LIFE and Thought have gone away  
Side by side,  
Leaving door and windows wide  
Careless tenants they !

### II

All within is dark as night  
In the windows is no light ,  
And no murmur at the door,  
So frequent on its hinge before

### III

Close the door, the shutters close,  
Or thro' the windows we shall see  
The nakedness and vacancy  
Of the dark deserted house

## IV

Come away no more of mirth  
Is here or merry making sound.  
The house was builded of the earth,  
And shall fall again to ground

## V

Come away for Life and Thought  
Here no longer dwell,  
But in a city glorious—  
A great and distant city—have bought  
A mansion incorruptible  
Would they could have stayed with us!

## THE DYING SWAN

THE plain was grassy, wild and bare,  
Wide, wild and open to the air,  
Which had built up everywhere

    An under roof of doleful gray  
With an inner voice the river ran,  
Adown it floated a dying swan,

    And loudly did lament

    It was the middle of the day  
Ever the weary wind went on,  
    And took the reed tops as it went

### II

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,  
And white against the cold white sky,  
Shone out their crowning snows

    One willow over the river wept,  
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh,  
Above in the wind was the swallow,  
    Chasing itself at its own wild will,

And far thro' the marish green and still  
The tangled water-courses slept,  
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow

## III

The wild swan's death hymn took the soul  
Of that waste place with joy  
Hidden in sorrow at first to the ear  
The warble was low, and full and clear,  
And floating about the under sky,  
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole  
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear,  
But anon her awful jubilant voice,  
With a music strange and manifold,  
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold,  
As when a mighty people rejoice  
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold  
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd  
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,  
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star  
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds  
And the willow branches hoar and dank,  
And the wavy swell of the sighing reeds,  
And the wave worn horns of the echoing bank,  
And the silvery marish flowers that throng  
The desolate creeks and pools among,  
Were flooded over with eddying song

## A DIRGE

Now is done thy long day's work ,  
Fold thy palms across thy breast,  
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest

Let them rave

Shadows of the silver birk  
Sweep the green that folds thy grave

Let them rave

## II

Thee nor carketh care nor slander ,  
Nothing but the small cold worm  
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.

Let them rave

Light and shadow ever wander  
O'er the green that folds thy grave

Let them rave

I hou wilt not turn upon thy bed ,  
Chaunteth not the brooding bee  
Sweeter tones than calumny ?

I et them rave

Thou wilt never raise thine head  
From the green that folds thy grave

I et them rave

IV

Crocodiles wept tears for thee ,  
The woodbine and eglatere  
Drip sweeter dewes than traitor's tea

I et them rave

Rain makes music in the tree  
O'er the green that folds thy grave

I et them rave

V

Round thee blow, self pleached deep,  
Bramble roses, faint and pale,  
And long purples of the dale

I et them rave

These in every shower creep  
Thro' the green that folds thy grave

I et them rave

## VI

The gold eyed kingcups fine ,  
The frail bluebell peereth over  
Rare broidry of the purple clover  
I et them rave  
Kings have no such couch as thine,  
As the green that folds thy grave  
I et them rave

## VII

Wild words wander here and there  
God's great gift of speech abused  
Makes thy memory confused  
But let them rave  
The balm-cricket carols clear  
In the green that folds thy grave  
Let them rave



## LOVE AND DEATH

WHAT time the mighty moon was gathering light  
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,  
And all about him roll'd his lustrous eyes ,  
When, turning round a cassia, full in view,  
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,  
And talking to himself, first met his sight  
' You must begone,' said Death, ' these walks are mine '  
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight ,  
Yet ere he parted said, ' This hour is thine  
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree  
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath  
So in the light of great eternity  
Life eminent creates the shade of death ,  
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,  
But I shall reign for ever over all '

## THE BALLAD OF ORIANA

My heart is wasted with my woe,

Oriana

There is no rest for me below,

Oriana

When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,

And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,

Oriana,

Alone I wander to and fro,

Oriana

Ere the light on dark was growing,

Oriana,

At midnight the cock was crowing,

Oriana

Winds were blowing, waters flowing,

We heard the steeds to battle going,

Oriana ,

Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,

Oriana

In the yew wood black as night,  
                    Oriana,  
Ere I rode into the fight,  
                    Oriana,  
While blissful tears blinded my sight  
By star shine and by moonlight,  
                    Oriana,  
I to thee my troth did plight,  
                    Oriana

She stood upon the castle wall,  
                    Oriana  
She watch'd my crest among them all,  
                    Oriana  
She saw me fight, she heard me call,  
When forth there stept a foeman tall,  
                    Oriana,  
      'Tween me and the castle wall,  
                    Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,  
                    Oriana  
The false, false arrow went aside,  
                    Oriana  
The damned arrow glanced aside,  
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,  
                    Oriana !

Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,  
 Oriana !

Oh ! narrow, narrow was the space,  
 Oriana

I loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,  
 Oriana

Oh ! deathful stabs were dealt apace,  
 The battle deepen'd in its place,  
 Oriana ,

But I was down upon my face,  
 Oriana

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,  
 Oriana !

How could I rise and come away,  
 Oriana ?

How could I look upon the day ?  
 They should have stabb'd me where I lay,  
 Oriana—

They should have trod me into clay,  
 Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,  
 Oriana !

O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,  
 Oriana !

Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,  
And then the tears run down my cheek,  
          Oriana  
What wantest thou ? whom dost thou seek,  
          Oriana ?

I cry aloud   none hear my cries,  
          Oriana  
Thou comest atween me and the skies  
          Oriana  
I feel the tears of blood arise  
Up from my heart unto my eyes,  
          Oriana  
Within thy heart my arrow lies  
          Oriana

O cursed hand ! O cursed blow !  
          Oriana !  
O happy thou that liest low,  
          Oriana !  
All night the silence seems to flow  
Beside me in my utter woe,  
          Oriana  
A weary, weary way I go,  
          Oriana

*ORIANA*

When Norland winds pipe down the sea

Oriana,

I walk, I dare not think of thee,

Oriana

Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,

I dare not die and come to thee,

Oriana

I hear the roaring of the sea,

Oriana

## CIRCUMSTANCE

Two children in two neighbour villages  
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas ,  
Two strangers meeting at a festival ,  
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall ,  
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease ,  
Two graves grass green beside a gray church tower,  
Wash'd with still rains and daisy blossomed ,  
Two children in one hamlet born and bred ,  
So runs the round of life from hour to hour

## THE MERMAN

WHO would be  
A merman bold,  
Sitting alone,  
Singing alone  
Under the sea,  
With a crown of gold,  
On a throne?

### II

I would be a merman bold,  
I would sit and sing the whole of the day,  
I would fill the sea halls with a voice of power,  
But at night I would roam abroad and play  
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,  
Dressing their hair with the white sea flower,  
And holding them back by their flowing locks  
I would kiss them often under the sea,  
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me  
Laughingly, laughingly,



And then we would wander away, away  
To the pale green sea groves strught and high,  
Chasing each other merrily

## III

There would be neither moon nor star ,  
But the wave would make music above us afar—  
Low thunder and light in the magic night—  
    Neither moon nor star  
We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,  
Call to each other and whoop and cry  
    All night, merrily, merrily ,  
They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells,  
Laughing and clapping their hands between,  
    All night merrily, merrily  
But I would throw to them back in mine  
Turkis and agate and almondine  
Then leaping out upon them unseen  
I would kiss them often under the sea,  
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me  
    Laughingly, laughingly  
Oh ! what a happy life were mine  
Under the hollow hung ocean green !  
Soft are the moss beds under the sea ,  
We would live merrily, merrily

## THE MERMAID

### I

Who would be  
A mermaid fair,  
Singing alone,  
Combing her hair  
Under the sea  
In a golden curl  
With a comb of pearl,  
On a throne?

### II

I would be a mermaid fair ,  
I would sing to myself the whole of the day ,  
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair ,  
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,  
'Who is it loves me? who loves not me?'  
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall  
    Low adown, low adown,  
From under my starry sea bud crown  
    Low adown and around,

And I should look like a fountain of gold  
    Springing alone  
    With a shrill inner sound,  
    Over the throne  
    In the midst of the hall ,  
Till that great sea snake under the sea  
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps  
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold  
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate  
With his large calm eyes for the love of me  
And all the mermen under the sea  
Would feel their immortality  
Die in their hearts for the love of me

But at night I would wander away, away,  
    I would fling on each side my low flowing locks,  
And lightly vault from the throne and play  
    With the mermen in and out of the rocks ,  
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,  
    On the broad sea wolds in the crimson shells,  
    Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea  
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,  
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap  
    From the diamond-ledges that jut from the dells ,  
For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,  
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea ,

They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me  
In the purple twilights under the sea  
But the king of them all would carry me,  
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,  
In the branching jaspers under the sea,  
Then all the dry pied things that be  
In the hueless mosses under the sea  
Would curl round my silver feet silently,  
All looking up for the love of me  
And if I should carol aloud from aloft  
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft  
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea  
All looking down for the love of me

## ADELINE

### I

MYSTERY of mysteries

Faintly smiling Adeline,  
Scarce of earth nor all divine,  
Nor unhappy, nor at rest,  
But beyond expression fair  
With thy floating flaxen hair ,  
Thy rose lips and full blue eyes  
Take the heart from out my breast  
Wherefore those dim looks of thine,  
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline ?

### II

Whence that aery bloom of thine,  
Like a lily which the sun  
Looks thro' in his sad decline,  
And a rose bush leans upon,  
Thou that faintly smilest still,  
As a Naiad in a well,  
Looking at the set of day,  
Or a phantom two hours old  
Of a maiden past away

Fre the placid lips be cold?  
Wherefore those faint smiles of thine,  
Spiritual Adeline?

## III

What hope or fear or joy is thine?  
Who talketh with thee, Adeline?  
For sure thou art not all alone  
Do beating hearts of salient springs  
Keep measure with thine own?  
Hast thou heard the butterflies  
What they say betwixt their wings?  
Or in stillest evenings  
With what voice the violet woos  
To his heart the silver dews?  
Or when little airs arise,  
How the merry bluebell rings  
To the mosses underneath?  
Hast thou look'd upon the breath  
Of the lilies at sunrise?  
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,  
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

## IV

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind,  
Some spirit of a crimson rose  
In love with thee forgets to close

His curtains, wasting odorous sighs  
All night long on darkness blind  
What aileth thee ? whom waitest thou  
With thy soften'd, shadow'd brow,  
And those dew lit eyes of thine,  
Thou fount smile, Adeline ?

## v

Lovest thou the doleful wind  
When thou gazest at the skies ?  
Doth the low tongued Orient  
Wander from the side of the morn,  
Dripping with Sabrean spice  
On thy pillow, lowly bent  
With melodious airs lovelorn,  
Breathing light against thy face,  
While his locks a drooping twined  
Round thy neck in subtle ring  
Make a carcanet of rays,  
And ye talk together still,  
In the language wherewith Spring  
Letters cowslips on the hill ?  
Hence that look and smile of thine,  
Spiritual Adeline

## MARGARET

### I

O SWEET pale Margaret,  
O rare pale Margaret,  
What lit your eyes with tearful power,  
Like moonlight on a falling shower?  
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower  
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,  
Your melancholy sweet and frail  
As perfume of the cuckoo flower?  
From the westward winding flood,  
From the evening lighted wood,  
From all things outward you have won  
A tearful grace, as tho' you stood  
Between the rainbow and the sun  
The very smile before you speak,  
That dimples your transparent cheek,  
Encircles all the heart, and feedeth  
The senses with a still delight



Of dainty sorrow without sound,  
Like the tender amber round,  
Which the moon about her spreadeth,  
Moving thro' a fleecy night

## II

You love, remaining peacefully,  
To hear the murmur of the strife,  
But enter not the toil of life  
Your spirit is the calmed sea,  
Laid by the tumult of the fight  
You are the evening star, alway  
Remaining betwixt dark and bright  
Lull'd echoes of laborious day  
Come to you, gleams of mellow light  
Float by you on the verge of night

## III

What can it matter, Margaret,  
What songs below the waning stars  
The lion heart, Plantagenet,  
Sang looking thro' his prison bars?  
Exquisite Margaret, who can tell  
The last wild thought of Chatelet,  
Just ere the falling axe did part  
The burning brain from the true heart,  
Even in her sight he loved so, well?

## IV

A fairy shield your Genius made  
And gave you on your natal day  
Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,  
Keeps real sorrow far away  
You move not in such solitudes,  
You are not less divine,  
But more human in your moods,  
Than your twin sister, Adeline  
Your hair is darker, and your eyes  
Touch'd with a somewhat darker hue,  
And less aërially blue,  
But ever trembling thro' the dew  
Of dainty woeful sympathies

## V

O sweet pale Margaret,  
O rare pale Margaret,  
Come down, come down, and hear me speak  
Tie up the ringlets on your cheek  
The sun is just about to set,  
The arching limes are tall and shady,  
And faint, rainy lights are seen,  
Moving in the leavy beech  
Rise from the feast of sorrow, lady,

Where all day long you sit between  
Joy and woe, and whisper each  
Or only look across the lawn,  
I look out below your bower eaves,  
I look down, and let your blue eyes dawn  
Upon me thro' the jasmine leaves

## ROSALIND

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,  
My frolic falcon, with bright eyes,  
Whose free delight, from any height of rapid flight,  
Stoops at all game that wing the skies,  
My Rosalind, my Rosalind,  
My bright eyed, wild eyed falcon, whither,  
Careless both of wind and weather,  
Whither fly ye, what game spy ye,  
Up or down the streaming wind ?

## II

The quick lark's closest caroll'd strains,  
The shadow rushing up the sea,  
The lightning flash atween the rains,  
The sunlight driving down the lea,  
The leaping stream, the very wind,  
That will not stay, upon his way,  
To stoop the cowslip to the plains,

Is not so clear and bold and free  
As you, my falcon Rosalind  
You care not for another's pains,  
Because you are the soul of joy,  
Bright metal all without alloy  
Life shoots and glances thro' your veins,  
And flashes off a thousand ways,  
Thro' lips and eyes in subtle rays  
Your hawk-eyes are keen and bright,  
Keen with triumph, watching still  
To pierce me thro' with pointed light,  
But oftentimes they flash and glitter  
Like sunshine on a dancing rill,  
And your words are seeming bitter,  
Sharp and few, but seeming bitter  
From excess of swift delight

## III

Come down, come home, my Rosalind,  
My gay young hawk, my Rosalind  
Too long you keep the upper skies,  
Too long you roam and wheel at will,  
But we must hood your random eyes,  
That care not whom they kill,  
And your cheek, whose brilliant hue  
Is so sparkling fresh to view,  
Some red heath flower in the dew,

Touch'd with sunrise    We must bind  
And keep you fast, my Rosalind,  
Fast, fast, my wild eyed Rosalind,  
And clip your wings, and make you love  
When we have lured you from above,  
And that delight of frolic flight, by day or night,  
From North to South,  
We'll bind you fast in silken cords,  
And kiss away the bitter words  
From off your rosy mouth

## ELEANORE

Thy dark eyes open'd not,  
Nor first reveal'd themselves to English air,  
For there is nothing here,  
Which, from the outward to the inward brought,  
Moulded thy baby thought  
Far off from human neighbourhood,  
Thou wert born, on a summer morn,  
A mile beneath the cedar wood  
Thy bounteous forchard was not fann'd  
With breezes from our oaken glades,  
But thou wert nursed in some delicious land  
Of lavish lights, and floating shades  
And flattering thy childish thought  
The oriental fairy brought,  
At the moment of thy birth,  
From old well heads of haunted rills,  
And the hearts of purple hills,

And shadow'd coves on a sunny shore,  
The choicest wealth of all the earth,  
Jewel or shell, or starry ore,  
To deck thy cradle, Eleanore

## II

Or the yellow banded bees,  
Thro' half open lattices  
Coming in the scented breeze,  
Fed thee, a child, lying alone,  
With whitest honey in fairy gardens cull'd—  
A glorious child, dreaming alone,  
In silk soft folds, upon yielding down,  
With the hum of swarming bees  
Into dreamful slumber lull'd

Who may minister to thee?  
Summer herself should minister  
To thee, with fruitage golden rinded  
On golden salvers, or it may be,  
Youngest Autumn, in a bower  
Grape thicken'd from the light, and blinded  
With many a deep-hued bell like flower  
Of fragrant trailers, when the air  
Sleepeth over all the heaven,



And the crag that fronts the Even  
All along the shadowing shore,  
Crimsons over an inland mere,  
Eleanore !

## IV

How may full sail'd verse express,  
How may measured words adore  
The full flowing harmony  
Of thy swan like stateliness,  
Eleanore ?  
The luxuriant symmetry  
Of thy floating gracefulness,  
Eleanore ?  
Every turn and glance of thine,  
Every lineament divine,  
Eleanore,  
And the steady sunset glow,  
That stays upon thee ? For in thee  
Is nothing sudden, nothing single,  
Like two streams of incense free  
From one censer in one shrine,  
Thought and motion mingle,  
Mingle ever    Motions flow  
To one another, even as tho'  
They were modulated so  
To an unheard melody,

Which lives about thee, and a sweep  
Of richest pauses, evermore  
Drawn from each other mellow deep,  
Who may express thee, Eleanore?

## V

I stand before thee, Eleanore  
I see thy beauty gradually unfold,  
Daily and hourly, more and more  
I muse, as in a trance, the while  
Slowly, as from a cloud of gold,  
Comes out thy deep ambrosial smile  
I muse, as in a trance, whene'er  
The languors of thy love deep eyes  
I loat on to me I would I were  
So tranced, so rapt in ecstasies  
To stand apart, and to adore,  
Gazing on thee for evermore,  
Serene, imperial Eleanore!

## VI

Sometimes, with most intensity  
Gazing, I seem to see  
Thought folded over thought, smiling asleep,  
Slowly awaken'd, grow so full and deep  
In thy large eyes, that, overpower'd quite,

I cannot veil, or droop my sight,  
But am as nothing in its light  
As tho' a star, in inmost heaven set,  
Ev'n while we gaze on it,  
Should slowly round his orb, and slowly grow  
To a full face, there like a sun remain  
Fix'd—then as slowly fade again,  
And draw itself to what it was before  
So full, so deep, so slow,  
Thought seems to come and go  
In thy large eyes, imperial Eleanore

## VII

As thunder-clouds that, hung on high,  
Roof'd the world with doubt and fear  
Floating thro' an evening atmosphere  
Grow golden all about the sky ,  
In thee all passion becomes passionless,  
Touch'd by thy spirit's mellowness,  
Losing his fire and active might  
In a silent meditation,  
Falling into a still delight,  
And luxury of contemplation  
As waves that up a quiet cove  
Rolling slide, and lying still  
Shadow forth the banks at will

Or sometimes they swell and move,  
Pressing up against the land,  
With motions of the outer sea  
And the self same influence  
Controlleth all the soul and sense  
Of Passion gazing upon thee  
His bow string slacken'd languid I ove,  
Leaning his cheek upon his hand,  
Droops both his wings, regarding thee,  
And so would languish evermore,  
Sciene, imperial Fleanore

## VIII

But when I see thee roam, with tresses unconfined,  
While the amorous, odorous wind  
Breathes low between the sunset and the moon,  
Or, in a shadowy saloon,  
On silken cushions half reclined ,  
I watch thy grace , and in its place  
My heart a charmed slumber keeps,  
While I muse upon thy face ,  
And a languid fire creeps  
Thro' my veins to all my frame,  
Dissolvingly and slowly soon  
From thy rose red lips my name  
Floweth , and then, as in a swoon,

With dinning sound my ears are rife,  
My tremulous tongue faltereth,  
I lose my colour, I lose my breath,  
I drink the cup of a costly death,  
Brimm'd with delirious draughts of warmest life  
I die with my delight, before  
I hear what I would hear from thee,  
Yet tell my name again to me,  
I *would* be dying evermore,  
So dying ever, Eleanore



## I

My life is full of weary days,  
 But good things have not kept aloof,  
 Nor wander'd into other ways  
 I have not lack'd thy mild reproof,  
 Nor golden largess of thy praise

And now shake hands across the brink  
 Of that deep grave to which I go  
 Shake hands once more I cannot sink  
 So far—far down, but I shall know  
 Thy voice, and answer from below

## II

When in the darkness over me  
 The four handed mole shall scrape,  
 Plant thou no dusky cypress tree,  
 Nor wreath thy cap with doleful crape,  
 But pledge me in the flowing grape

And when the sappy field and wood  
    Grow green beneath the showery gray,  
And rugged barks begin to bud,  
    And thro' damp holts new flush'd with may,  
    Ring sudden scatches of the jay,

Then let wise Nature work her will,  
    And on my clay her darning grow  
Come only, when the days are still,  
    And at my headstone whisper low,  
    And tell me if the woodbines blow

## EARLY SONNETS

TO

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,  
And ebb into a former life, or seem  
To lapse far back in some confused dream  
To states of mystical similitude,  
If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,  
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,  
So that we say, 'All this hath been before,  
All this hath been, I know not when or where'  
So, friend, when first I look'd upon your face,  
Our thought gave answer each to each, so true—  
Opposed mirrors each reflecting each—  
That tho' I knew not in what time or place,  
Methought that I had often met with you,  
And either lived in either's heart and speech



## II

## TO J M K

My hope and heart is with thee — thou wilt be  
A latter Luther, and a soldier priest  
To scare church harpies from the master's feast,  
Our dusted velvets have much need of thee  
Thou art no sabbath drawler of old saws,  
Distill'd from some worm canker'd homily,  
But spur'd at heart with fieriest energy  
To embattail and to wall about thy cause  
With iron worded proof, hating to hark  
The humming of the drowsy pulpit drone  
Half God's good sabbath, while the worn out clerk  
Brow beats his desk below — I thou from a throne  
Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the dark  
Arrows of lightnings — I will stand and mark

## III

MINE be the strength of spirit, full and free,  
Like some broad river rushing down alone,  
With the self-same impulse wherewith he was thrown  
From his loud fount upon the echoing lea —  
Which with increasing might doth forward flee  
By town, and tower, and hill, and cape, and isle,  
And in the middle of the green salt sea  
Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile  
Mine be the power which ever to its sway  
Will win the wise at once, and by degrees  
May into un congenial spirits flow ,  
Even as the warm gulf stream of Florida  
Floats far away into the Northern seas  
The lavish growths of southern Mexico

## IV

## ALEXANDER

WARRIOR of God, whose strong right arm debased  
The throne of Persia, when her Satrap bled  
At Issus by the Syrian gates, or fled  
Beyond the Memmian naphtha pits, disgraced  
For ever—thee (thy pathway sand erased)  
Gliding with equal crowns two serpents led  
Joyful to that palm planted fount un fed  
Ammonian Oasis in the waste  
I here in a silent shade of laurel brown  
Apart the Chamian Oracle divine  
Shelter'd his unapproached mysteries  
High things were spoken there, unhanded down ,  
Only they saw thee from the secret shrine  
Returning with hot cheek and kindled eyes

## V

## BUONAPARTE

HE thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,  
Madman!—to chain with chains, and bind with bands  
That island queen who sways the floods and lands  
From Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight woke,  
When from her wooden walls,—lit by sure hands,  
With thunders, and with lightnings, and with smoke,—  
Peal after peal, the British battle broke,  
Lulling the brine against the Coptic sands  
We taught him lowlier moods, when Elsinore  
Heard the war moan along the distant sea,  
Rocking with shatter'd spars, with sudden fires  
Flamed over at Trafalgar yet once more  
We taught him late he learned humility  
Perforce, like those whom Gideon school'd with bricks

## VI

## POLAND

How long, O God, shall men be ridden down,  
And trampled under by the last and least  
Of men? The heart of Poland hath not ceased  
To quiver, tho' her sacred blood doth drown  
The fields, and out of every smouldering town  
Cries to Thee, lest brute Power be increased,  
Till that overgrown Barbarian in the East  
Transgress his ample bound to some new crown —  
Cries to Thee, 'Lord, how long shall these things be?  
How long this icy hearted Muscovite  
Oppress the region?' Us, O Just and Good,  
Forgive, who smiled when she was torn in three,  
Us, who stand now, when we should aid the right  
A matter to be wept with tears of blood!

## VII

CARFESS'D or chidden by the slender hand,  
And singing airy trifles this or that,  
I ight Hope at Beauty's call would perch and stand,  
And run thro' every change of sharp and flat  
And Fancy came and at her pillow sat,  
When Sleep had bound her in his rosy band,  
And chased away the still recurring gnat,  
And woke her with a lay from fairy land  
But now they live with Beauty less and less,  
For Hope is other Hope and wanders far,  
Nor cares to lisp in love's delicious creeds,  
And Fancy watches in the wilderness,  
Poor Fancy sadder than a single star,  
That sets at twilight in a land of reeds

## VIII

THE form, the form alone is eloquent !  
A nobler yearning never broke her rest  
Than but to dance and sing, be gaily drest,  
And win all eyes with all accomplishment  
Yet in the whirling dances as we went,  
My fancy made me for a moment blest  
To find my heart so near the beauteous breast  
That once had power to rob it of content  
A moment came the tenderness of tears,  
The phantom of a wish that once could move  
A ghost of passion that no smiles restore---  
For ah ! the slight coquette, she cannot love,  
And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand years,  
She still would take the praise, and care no more

*EARLY SONNETS*

IX

WAN Sculptor, weepest thou to take the<sup>2</sup> cast  
Of those dead lineaments that near thee lie?  
O sorrowest thou, pale Painter, for the past,  
In painting some dead friend from memory?  
Weep on—beyond his object Love can last  
His object lives—more cause to weep have I  
My tears, no tears of love, are flowing fast,  
No tears of love, but tears that I owe can die  
I pledge her not in any cheerful cup,  
Nor care to sit beside her where she sits—  
Ah pity—hint it not in human tones,  
But breathe it into earth and close it up  
With secret death for ever, in the pits  
Which some green Christmas crams with weary bones



## X

If I were loved, as I desire to be,  
What is there in the great sphere of the earth,  
And range of evil between death and birth,  
That I should fear,—if I were loved by thee?  
All the inner, all the outer world of pain  
Clear Love would pierce and cleave, if thou wert mine  
As I have heard that, somewhere in the main,  
Fresh water springs come up through bitter brine  
'Twere joy, not fear, claspt hand-in hand with thee,  
To wait for death—mute—careless of all ills  
Apart upon a mountain, tho' the surge  
Of some new deluge from a thousand hills  
I lung leagues of roaring foam into the gorge  
Below us, as far on as eye could see

## XI

## THE BRIDESMAID

O BRIDESMAID, ere the happy knot was tied,  
 Thine eyes so wept that they could hardly see,  
 Thy sister smiled and said, 'No tears for me'  
 A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride'  
 And then, the couple standing side by side,  
 Love lighted down between them full of glee,  
 And over his left shoulder laugh'd at thee,  
 'O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride  
 And all at once a pleasant truth I learn'd,  
 For while the tender service made thee weep,  
 I loved thee for the tear thou couldst not hide,  
 And piest thy hand, and knew the press return'd  
 And thought, 'My life is sick of single sleep  
 O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride!'

## THE LADY OF SHALOTT

### PART I

ON either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky,  
And thro' the field the road runs by  
    To many-tower'd Camelot,  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
    The island of Shalott

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Thro' the wave that runs for ever  
By the island in the river  
    Flowing down to Camelot  
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle imbowers  
    The Lady of Shalott

By the margin, willow veil'd,  
 Slide the heavy barges trail'd  
 By slow horses, and unhail'd  
 The shallop flitteth silken sail'd  
     Skimming down to Camelot  
 But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
 Or at the casement seen her stand?  
 Or is she known in all the land,  
     The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
 In among the bearded barley,  
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
 From the river winding clearly,  
     Down to tower'd Camelot  
 And by the moon the reaper weary  
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
 Listening, whispers 'Tis the fairy  
     Lady of Shalott'

## PART II

THERE she weaves by night and day  
 A magic web with colours gay  
 She has heard a whisper say,  
 A curse is on her if she stay  
     To look down to Camelot

She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
The Lady of Shalott

And moving thro' a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear  
There she sees the highway near  
Winding down to Camelot  
There the river eddy whirls,  
And there the surly village churls,  
And the red cloaks of market girls,  
Pass onward from Shalott

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad  
On long hair'd page in crimson clad,  
Goes by to tower'd Camelot  
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue  
The knights come riding two and two  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
The Lady of Shalott

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,

For often thro' the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights  
And music, went to Camelot  
Or when the moon was overhead,  
Came two young lovers lately wed,  
'I am half sick of shadows,' said  
The Lady of Shalott.

## PART III

A BOW SHOT from her bower eaves,  
He rode between the barley sheaves,  
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,  
And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
Of bold Sir Lancelot  
A red cross knight for ever kneel'd  
To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field,  
Beside remote Shalott

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,  
Like to some branch of stars we see  
Hung in the golden Galaxy  
The bridle bells rang merrily  
As he rode down to Camelot  
And from his blazon'd baldric slung  
A mighty silver bugle hung,

And as he rode his armour rung,  
Beside remote Shalott

All in the blue unclouded weather  
Thick jewel'd shone the saddle leather,  
The helmet and the helmet feather  
Burn'd like one burning flame together,  
As he rode down to Camelot  
As often thro' the purple night,  
Below the starry clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
Moves over still Shalott

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd,  
On burnish'd hooves his war horse trode  
From underneath his helmet flow'd  
His coal black curls as on he rode,  
As he rode down to Camelot  
From the bank and from the river  
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
'Tirra lirra,' by the river  
Sang Sir Lancelot

She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces thro' the room,  
She saw the water lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume  
She look'd down to Camelot

Out flew the web and floated wide ,  
The mirror crack'd from side to side ,  
'The curse is come upon me,' cried  
The Lady of Shalott

## PART IV

IN the stormy east wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complaining,  
Heavily the low sky raining  
Over tower'd Camelot ,  
Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat,  
And round about the prow she wrote  
*The Lady of Shalott*

And down the river's dim expanse  
Like some bold seer in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance--  
With a glassy countenance  
Did she look to Camelot  
And at the closing of the day  
She loosed the chain, and down she lay  
The broad stream bore her far away,  
The Lady of Shalott



Lying, robed in snowy white  
That loosely flew to left and right—  
The leaves upon her falling light  
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot  
And as the boat head wound along  
The willowy hills and fields among,  
They heard her singing her last song,  
The Lady of Shalott

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,  
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot  
For ere she reach'd upon the tide  
The first house by the water side,  
Singing in her song she died,  
The Lady of Shalott

Under tower and balcony,  
By garden wall and gallery,  
A gleaming shape she floated by,  
Dead pale between the houses high,  
Silent into Camelot

*THE LADY OF SHALOTT*

Out upon the wharfs they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
And round the prow they read her name,  
*The Lady of Shalott*

Who is this ? and what is here ?  
And in the lighted palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer ,  
And they cross'd themselves for fear,  
All the knights at Camelot  
but Lancelot mused a little space ,  
He said, ' She has a lovely face ,  
God in his mercy lend her grace,  
The Lady of Shalott '

## THE TWO VOICES

A STILL small voice spake unto me  
‘Thou art so full of misery,  
Were it not better not to be?’

Then to the still small voice I said,  
‘Let me not cast in endless shade  
What is so wonderfully made’

To which the voice did urge reply,  
‘To day I saw the dragon fly  
Come from the wells where he did lie

‘An inner impulse rent the veil  
Of his old husk from head to tail  
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail

‘He dried his wings like gauze they grew,  
Thro’ crofts and pastures wet with dew  
A living flash of light he flew’

I said, 'When first the world began,  
Young Nature thro' five cycles ran,  
And in the sixth she moulded man

'She gave him mind, the lordliest  
Proportion, and, above the rest,  
Dominion in the head and breast'

Thereto the silent voice replied,  
'Self blinded are you by your pride  
Look up thro' night the world is wide

'This truth within thy mind rehearse,  
That in a boundless universe  
Is boundless better, boundless worse

'Think you this mould of hopes and fears  
Could find no statelier than his peers  
In yonder hundred million spheres?'

It spake, moreover, in my mind  
'Tho' thou wert scatter'd to the wind,  
Yet is there plenty of the kind'

Then did my response clearer fall  
'No compound of this earthly ball  
Is like another, all in all'

To which he answer'd scoffingly,  
'Good soul' suppose I grant it thee,  
Who'll weep for thy deficiency?

'Or will one beam be less intense,  
When thy peculiar difference  
Is cancell'd in the world of sense?'

I would have said, 'Thou canst not know,'  
But my full heart, that work'd below,  
Rain'd thro' my sight its overflow

Again the voice spake unto me  
'Thou art so steep'd in misery,  
Surely 'twere better not to be

'I hine anguish will not let thee sleep,  
Nor any train of reason keep  
Thou canst not think, but thou wilt weep'

I said, 'I he years with change advance  
If I make dark my countenance,  
I shut my life from happier chance

'Some turn this sickness yet might take,  
Ev'n yet' But he 'What drug can make  
A wither'd palsy cease to shake?'

I wept, 'Tho' I should die, I know  
That all about the thorn will blow  
In tufts of rosy tinted snow ,

'And men, thro' novel spheres of thought  
Still moving after truth long sought,  
Will learn new things when I am not '

'Yet,' said the secret voice, 'some time,  
Sooner or later, will gray prime  
Make thy grass hoar with early rime

'Not less swift souls that yearn for light,  
Rapt after heaven's starry flight,  
Would sweep the tracts of day and night

'Not less the bee would range her cells  
The fuzzy prickle fire the dells,  
The foxglove cluster dappled bells '

I said that 'all the years invent ,  
Each month is various to present  
The world with some development

'Were this not well, to bide mine hour,  
Tho' watching from a ruin'd tower  
How grows the day of human power '

'I he highest mounted mind,' he said  
'Still sees the sacred morning spread  
The silent summit overhead

'Will thirty seasons render plain  
Those lonely lights that still remain,  
Just breaking over land and main ?

'Or make that morn, from his cold crown  
And crystal silence creeping down,  
Flood with full daylight glebe and town ?

Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let  
Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set  
In midst of knowledge, dream 'd not yet

'Thou hast not gain'd a real height,  
Nor art thou nearer to the light,  
Because the scale is infinite

'Twere better not to breathe or speak,  
I than cry for strength, remaining weak,  
And seem to find, but still to seek

'Moreover, but to seem to find  
Asks what thou lackest, thought resign'd,  
A healthy frame, a quiet mind '

### *THE TWO VOICES*

I said, 'When I am gone away,  
"He dared not tarry," men will say,  
Doing dishonour to my clay

'This is more vile,' he made reply,  
'To breathe and loathe, to live and sigh  
Than once from dread of pain to die

'Sick art thou—a divided will  
Still heaping on the fear of ill  
The fear of men, a coward still

'Do men love thee? Art thou so bound  
To men, that how thy name may sound  
Will vex thee lying underground?

'The memory of the wither'd leaf  
In endless time is scarce more brief  
I than of the garner'd Autumn sheaf

'Go, vexed Spirit, sleep in trust,  
The right ear, that is fill'd with dust,  
Hears little of the false or just'

'Hard task, to pluck resolve,' I cried,  
'From emptiness and the waste wide  
Of that abyss, or scornful pride'



‘Nay—rather yet that I could raise  
One hope that warm’d me in the days  
While still I yearn’d for human praise

‘When, wide in soul and bold of tongue,  
Among the tents I paused and sung,  
The distant battle flash’d and rung

‘I sung the joyful Pæan clear,  
And, sitting, burnish’d without fear  
The brand, the buckler, and the spear—

‘Waiting to strive a happy strife,  
To war with falsehood to the knife,  
And not to lose the good of life—

‘Some hidden principle to move,  
To put together, part and prove,  
And mete the bounds of hate and love—

‘As far as might be, to carve out  
Free space for every human doubt,  
That the whole mind might orb about—

‘To search thro’ all I felt or saw,  
The springs of life, the depths of awe,  
And reach the law within the law

'At least, not rotting like a weed,  
But, having sown some generous seed,  
Fruitful of further thought and deed,

'To pass, when Life her light withdraws,  
Not void of righteous self applause,  
Nor in a merely selfish cause—

'In some good cause, not in mine own,  
I o perish, wept for, honour'd, known,  
And like a warrior overthrown,

'Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,  
When, soil'd with noble dust, he hears  
His country's war song thrill his ears

'Then dying of a mortal stroke,  
What time the foeman's line is broke,  
And all the war is roll'd in smoke'

'Yea!' said the voice, 'thy dream was good,  
While thou abodest in the bud  
It was the stirring of the blood

'If Nature put not forth her power  
About the opening of the flower,  
Who is it that could live an hour?

‘I then comes the check, the change, the fall,  
Pain rises up, old pleasures pall  
There is one remedy for all

‘Yet hadst thou, thro’ enduring pain,  
Link’d month to month with such a chain  
Of knitted purport, all were vain

‘Thou hadst not between death and birth  
Dissolved the riddle of the earth  
So were thy labour little worth

‘I hat men with knowledge merely play’d,  
I told thee—hardly nigher made,  
Tho’ scaling slow from grade to grade ,

‘Much less this dreamer, deaf and blind,  
Named man, may hope some truth to find,  
I hat bears relation to the mind.

‘For every worm beneath the moon  
Draws different threads, and late and soon  
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon

‘Cry, faint not either Truth is born  
Beyond the polar gleam forlorn,  
Or in the gateways of the morn

‘Cry, faint not, climb the summits slope  
Beyond the furthest flights of hope,  
Wrapt in dense cloud from base to cope

‘Sometimes a little corner shines,  
As over rainy mist inclines  
A gleaming crag with belts of pines

‘I will go forward, sayest thou,  
I shall not fail to find her now  
Look up, the fold is on her brow

‘If straight thy track, or if oblique,  
I thou know’st not Shadows thou dost strike,  
Embracing cloud, Ixion like ,

‘And owning but a little more  
I han beasts, abidest lame and poor,  
Calling thyself a little lower

‘I han angels Cease to wail and brawl !  
Why inch by inch to darkness crawl ?  
There is one remedy for all ’

‘O dull, one sided voice,’ said I,  
Wilt thou make everything a lie,  
To flatter me that I may die ?

‘ I know that age to age succeeds,  
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,  
A dust of systems and of creeds

‘ I cannot hide that some have striven,  
Achieving calm, to whom was given  
The joy that mixes man with Heaven

‘ Who, rowing hard against the stream,  
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,  
And did not dream it was a dream ,

‘ But heard, by secret transport led,  
Ev’n in the charnels of the dead,  
The murmur of the fountain head—

‘ Which did accomplish their desire,  
Bore and forbore, and did not tire,  
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire

‘ He heeded not reviling tones,  
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,  
Tho’ cursed and scorn’d, and bruised with  
stones

‘ But looking upward, full of grace,  
He pray’d, and from a happy place  
God’s glory smote him on the face ’

The sullen answer slid betwixt  
‘Not that the grounds of hope were fix’d,  
The elements were kindlier mix’d’

I said, ‘I toil beneath the curse,  
But, knowing not the universe,  
I fear to slide from bad to worse

‘And that, in seeking to undo  
One riddle, and to find the true,  
I knit a hundred others new

‘Or that this anguish fleeting hence,  
Unmanacled from bonds of sense,  
Be fix’d and froz’n to permanence

‘For I go, weak from suffering here  
Naked I go, and void of cheer  
What is it that I may not fear?’

‘Consider well,’ the voice replied,  
‘His face, that two hours since hath died  
Wilt thou find passion, pain or pride?’

‘Will he obey when one commands?  
Or answer should one press his hands?  
He answers not, nor understands

‘ His palms are folded on his breast  
There is no other thing express’d  
But long disquiet merged in rest

‘ His lips are very mild and meek  
Tho’ one should smite him on the cheek  
And on the mouth, he will not speak

‘ His little daughter, whose sweet face  
He kiss’d, taking his last embrace,  
Becomes dishonour to her race—

‘ His sons grow up that bear his name,  
Some grow to honour, some to shame, —  
But he is chill to praise or blame

‘ He will not hear the north wind rave,  
Nor, moaning, household shelter crave  
From winter rains that beat his grave

‘ High up the vapours fold and swim  
About him broods the twilight dim  
The place he knew forgetteth him ’

‘ If all be dark, vague voice,’ I said,  
‘ These things are wrapt in doubt and dread,  
Nor canst thou show the dead are dead

' The sap dries up the plant declines  
A deeper tale my heart divines  
Know I not Death ? the outward signs ?

' I found him when my years were few ,  
A shadow on the graves I knew,  
And darkness in the village yew

' From grave to grave the shadow crept  
In her still place the morning wept  
Louch'd by his feet the daisy slept

' The simple senses crown'd his head  
" Omega ! thou art Lord," they said,  
" We find no motion in the dead "

' Why, if man rot in dreamless ease,  
Should that plain fact, as taught by these,  
Not make him sure that he shall cease ?

' Who forged that other influence,  
That heat of inward evidence,  
By which he doubts against the sense ?

' He owns the fatal gift of eyes,  
That read his spirit blindly wise,  
Not simple as a thing that dies



‘Here sits he shaping wings to fly  
His heart forebodes a mystery  
He names the name Eternity

‘That type of Perfect in his mind  
In Nature can he nowhere find  
He sows himself on every wind

‘He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend,  
And thro’ thick veils to apprehend  
A labour working to an end

‘The end and the beginning vex  
His reason many things perplex,  
With motions, checks, and counterchecks

‘He knows a baseness in his blood  
At such strange war with something good,  
He may not do the thing he would

‘Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,  
Vast images in glimmering dawn,  
Half shown, are broken and withdrawn

‘Ah ! sure within him and without,  
Could his dark wisdom find it out,  
There must be answer to his doubt,

‘But thou canst answer not again  
With thine own weapon art thou slain,  
Or thou wilt answer but in vain

‘The doubt would rest, I dare not solve  
In the same circle we revolve  
Assurance only breeds resolve’

As when a billow, blown against,  
Falls back, the voice with which I fenced  
A little ceased, but recommenced

‘Where wert thou when thy father play’d  
In his free field, and pastime made,  
A merry boy in sun and shade’

‘A merry boy they call’d him then,  
He sat upon the knees of men  
In days that never come again

‘Before the little ducts began  
To feed thy bones with lime, and ran  
Their course till thou wert also man

‘Who took a wife, who rear’d his race,  
Whose wrinkles gather’d on his face,  
Whose troubles number with his days

‘A life of nothings, nothing worth,  
From that first nothing ere his birth  
To that last nothing under earth ’

‘These words,’ I said, ‘are like the rest,  
No certain clearness, but at best  
A vague suspicion of the breast

‘But if I grant, thou mightst defend  
The thesis which thy words intend  
That to begin implies to end ,

‘Yet how should I for certain hold,  
Because my memory is so cold,  
That I first was in human mould ?

‘I cannot make this matter plain,  
But I would shoot, howe’er in vain,  
A random arrow from the brain

‘It may be that no life is found,  
Which only to one engine bound  
Ialls off, but cycles always round

‘As old mythologies relate,  
Some draught of I ethe might await  
The slipping thro’ from state to state

‘As here we find in trances, men  
Forget the dream that happens then,  
Until they fall in trance again

‘So might we, if our state were such  
As one before, remember much,  
For those two likes might meet and touch

‘But, if I lapsed from nobler place,  
Some legend of a fallen race  
Alone might hint of my disgrace ,

‘Some vague emotion of delight  
In gazing up an Alpine height,  
Some yearning toward the lamps of night ,

‘Or if thro’ lower lives I came—  
Tho’ all experience past became  
Consolidate in mind and frame—

‘I might forget my weaker lot ,  
For is not our first year forgot ?  
The haunts of memory echo not

‘And men, whose reason long was blind,  
From cells of madness unconfined,  
Oft lose whole years of darker mind

‘ Much more, if first I floated free,  
As naked essence, must I be  
Incompetent of memory

‘ For memory dealing but with time,  
And he with matter, could she climb  
Beyond her own material prime ?

‘ Moreover, something is or seems,  
That touches me with mystic gleams,  
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

‘ Of something felt, like something here ,  
Of something done, I know not where ,  
Such as no language may declare ’

The still voice laugh’d ‘ I talk,’ said he,  
‘ Not with thy dreams Suffice it thee  
I thy pain is a reality ’

‘ But thou,’ said I, ‘ hast missed thy mark,  
Who sought’st to wreck my mortal ark,  
By making all the horizon dark

‘ Why not set forth, if I should do  
I his rashness, that which might ensue  
With this old soul in organs new ?

'Whatever crazy sorrow saith,  
No life that breathes with human breath  
Has ever truly long'd for death

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,  
Oh life, not death, for which we pant,  
More life, and fuller, that I want '

I ceased, and sat as one forlorn  
I then said the voice, in quiet scorn,  
'Behold, it is the Sabbath morn '

And I arose, and I released  
The casement, and the light increased  
With freshness in the dawning east

Like soften'd airs that blowing steal,  
When meres begin to uncongeal,  
The sweet church bells began to peal

On to God's house the people prest  
Passing the place where each must rest,  
Each enter'd like a welcome guest

One walk'd between his wife and child,  
With measured footfall firm and mild,  
And now and then he gravely smiled

The prudent partner of his blood  
I ean'd on him, faithful, gentle, good,  
Wearing the rose of womanhood

And in their double love secure,  
The little maiden walk'd demure,  
Pacing with downward eyelids pure

These three made unity so sweet,  
My frozen heart began to beat,  
Remembering its ancient heat

I blest them, and they wander'd on  
I spoke, but answer came there none  
The dull and bitter voice was gone

A second voice was at mine ear,  
A little whisper silver clear,  
A murmur, 'Be of better cheer'

As from some blissful neighbourhood,  
A notice faintly understood,  
'I see the end, and know the good'

A little hint to solace woe,  
A hint, a whisper breathing low,  
'I may not speak of what I know

Like an Arabian harp that wakes  
No certain air, but overtakes  
For thought with music that it makes

Such seem'd the whisper at my side  
What is it thou knowest, sweet voice? I cried  
'A hidden hope,' the voice replied

So heavenly toned, that in that hour  
From out my sullen heart a power  
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,  
That every cloud, that spreads above  
And veileth love, itself is love

And forth into the fields I went,  
And Nature's living motion lent  
The pulse of hope to discontent

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,  
The slow result of winter showers  
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wonder'd, while I paced along  
The woods were fill'd so full with song,  
There seem'd no room for sense of wrong,



And all so variously wrought,  
I marvell'd how the mind was brought  
To anchor by one gloomy thought ,

And wherefore rather I made choice  
To commune with that barren voice,  
Than him that said, ' Rejoice ! Rejoice ! '

## THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

I SEE the wealthy miller yet,  
His double chin, his portly size,  
And who that knew him could forget  
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?  
The slow wise smile that, round about  
His dusty forehead drily curl'd,  
Seem'd half within and half without,  
And full of dealings with the world?

In yonder chair I see him sit,  
Three fingers round the old silver cup—  
I see his gray eyes twinkle yet  
At his own jest—gray eyes lit up  
With summer lightnings of a soul  
So full of summer warmth, so glad,  
So healthy, sound, and clear and whole,  
His memory scarce can make me sad

Yet fill my glass give me one kiss  
My own sweet Alice, we must die  
I here's somewhat in this world amiss  
Shall be unriddled by and by  
I here's somewhat flows to us in life,  
But more is taken quite away  
Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wife,  
I hat we may die the self same day

Have I not found a happy earth?  
I least should breathe a thought of pain  
Would God renew me from my birth  
I'd almost live my life again  
So sweet it seems with thee to walk,  
And once again to woo thee mine--  
It seems in after dinner talk  
Across the walnuts and the wine--

To be the long and listless boy  
Late left an orphan of the squire,  
Where this old mansion mounted high  
Looks down upon the village spire  
For even here, where I and you  
Have lived and loved alone so long,  
Each morn my sleep was broken thro'  
By some wild skylark's matin song

And oft I heard the tender dove  
    In firry woodlands making moan ,  
But ere I saw your eyes, my love,  
    I had no motion of my own  
For scarce my life with fancy play'd  
    Before I dream'd that pleasant dream—  
Still hither thither idly sway'd  
    I like those long mosses in the stream

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hear  
    The milldam rushing down with noise,  
And see the minnows everywhere  
    In crystal eddies glance and poise,  
The tall flag flowers when they sprung  
    Below the range of stepping stones,  
Or those three chestnuts near, that hung  
    In masses thick with milky cones

But, Alice what an hour was that,  
    When after roving in the woods  
( 'T was April then), I came and sat  
    Below the chestnuts, when their buds  
Were glistening to the breezy blue ,  
    And on the slope, an absent fool,  
I cast me down, nor thought of you,  
    But angled in the higher pool

A love song I had somewhere read,  
An echo from a measured strain,  
Beat time to nothing in my head  
From some odd corner of the brain  
It haunted me, the morning long,  
With weary sameness in the rhymes,  
The phantom of a silent song,  
That went and came a thousand times

Then leapt a trout In lazy mood  
I watch'd the little circles die ,  
They past into the level flood,  
And there a vision caught my eye ,  
The reflex of a beauteous form,  
A glowing arm, a gleaming neck,  
As when a sunbeam wavers warm  
Within the dark and dimpled beck

For you remember, you had set,  
That morning, on the casement edge  
A long green box of mignonette,  
And you were leaning from the ledge  
And when I raised my eyes, above  
They met with two so full and bright--  
Such eyes ! I swear to you, my love,  
That these have never lost their light

I loved, and love dispell'd the fear  
That I should die in early death  
For love possess'd the atmosphere,  
And fill'd the breast with purer breath  
My mother thought, What ails the boy?  
For I was alter'd, and began  
To move about the house with joy,  
And with the certain step of man

I loved the brimming wave that swam  
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,  
The sleepy pool above the dam,  
The pool beneath it never still,  
The meal sacks on the whiten'd floor,  
The dark round of the dripping wheel,  
The very air about the door  
Made misty with the floating meal

And oft in ramblings on the wold,  
When April nights began to blow,  
And April's crescent glimmer'd cold,  
I saw the village lights below,  
I knew your taper far away,  
And full at heart of trembling hope,  
From off the wold I came, and lay  
Upon the freshly flower'd slope

I he deep brook groan'd beneath the mill ,  
And ' by that lamp,' I thought, ' she sits '  
I he white chalk quarry from the hill  
Gleam'd to the flying moon by fits  
' O that I were beside her now '  
O will she answer if I call ?  
O would she give me vow for vow,  
Sweet Alice, if I told her all ?'

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin ,  
And, in the pauses of the wind,  
Sometimes I heard you sing within ,  
Sometimes your shadow cross'd the blind  
At last you rose and moved the light,  
And the long shadow of the chur  
Flitted across into the night,  
And all the casement darken'd there

But when at last I dared to speak,  
The lanes, you know, were white with may  
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek  
Flush'd like the coming of the day ,  
And so it was—half sly, half shy,  
You would, and would not, little one '  
Although I pleaded tenderly,  
And you and I were all alone

And slowly was my mother brought  
To yield consent to my desire  
She wish'd me happy, but she thought  
I might have look'd a little higher,  
And I was young—too young to wed  
'Yet must I love her for your sake,  
Go fetch your Alice here,' she said  
Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake

And down I went to fetch my bride  
But, Alice, you were ill at ease,  
This dress and that by turns you tried,  
Too fearful that you should not please  
I loved you better for your fears,  
I knew you could not look but well,  
And dews, that would have fall'n in tears,  
I kiss'd away before they fell

I watch'd the little flutterings,  
The doubt my mother would not see,  
She spoke at large of many things,  
And at the last she spoke of me,  
And turning look'd upon your face,  
As near this door you sat apart,  
And rose, and, with a silent grace  
Approaching, press'd you heart to heart



Ah, well—but sing the foolish song  
I gave you, Alice, on the day  
When, arm in arm, we went along,  
A pensive pair, and you were gay  
With bridal flowers—that I may seem,  
As in the nights of old, to lie  
Beside the mill wheel in the stream,  
While those full chestnuts whisper by

It is the miller's daughter,  
And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
That I would be the jewel  
That trembles in her ear  
For hid in ringlets day and night,  
I'd touch her neck so warm and white

And I would be the girdle  
About her dainty dainty waist,  
And her heart would beat against me,  
In sorrow and in rest  
And I should know if it beat right,  
I'd clasp it round so close and tight

And I would be the necklace,  
And all day long to fall and rise  
Upon her balmy bosom,  
With her laughter or her sighs,  
And I would lie so light, so light,  
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night

A trifle, sweet ' which true love spells—

True love interprets—right alone

His light upon the letter dwells,

For all the spirit is his own

So, if I waste words now, in truth

You must blame I owe His early rage

Had force to make me rhyme in youth,

And makes me talk too much in age

And now those vivid hours are gone,

I like mine own life to me thou art,

Where Past and Present, wound in one,

Do make a garland for the heart

So sing that other song I made,

Half anger'd with my happy lot,

The day, when in the chestnut shade

I found the blue Forget me not

Love that hath us in the net,

Can he pass, and we forget?

Many suns rise and set

Many a chance the years beget

Love the gift is I owe the debt

Even so

Love is hurt with jar and fret

Love is made a vague regret

Eyes with idle tears are wet

Idle habit links us yet

What is love? for we forget

Ah, no ' no '

Look thro' mine eyes with thine True wife,  
Round my true heart thine arms entwine  
My other dearer life in life,  
I look thro' my very soul with thine '  
Untouch'd with any shade of years,  
May those kind eyes for ever dwell '  
I hey have not shed a many tears,  
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well

Yet tears they shed they had their part  
Of sorrow for when time was ripe,  
The still affection of the heart  
Became an outward breathing type,  
That into stillness past again,  
And left a want unknown before ,  
Although the loss had brought us pain,  
That loss but made us love the more,

With farther lookings on • The kiss,  
The woven arms, seem but to be  
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,  
The comfort, I have found in thee  
But that God bless thee, dear—who wrought  
Two spirits to one equal mind—  
With blessings beyond hope or thought,  
With blessings which no words can find

Arise, and let us wander forth,  
    To yon old mill across the wolds ,  
For look, the sunset, south and north,  
    Winds all the vale in rosy folds,  
And fires your narrow casement glass,  
    Touching the sullen pool below  
On the chalk hill the bearded grass  
    Is dry and dewless    Let us go

## FATIMA

O LOVE, I ove, Love ! O withering might !  
O sun, that from thy noonday height  
Shudderest when I strain my sight,  
Throbbing thro' all thy heat and light,  
    Lo, falling from my constant mind,  
    Lo, parch'd and wither'd, deaf and blind,  
    I whirl like leaves in roaring wind

Last night I wasted hateful hours  
Below the city's eastern towers  
I thirsted for the brooks, the showers  
I roll'd among the tender flowers  
    I crush'd them on my breast, my mouth ,  
    I look'd athwart the burning drouth  
    Of that long desert to the south

Last night, when some one spoke his name,  
From my swift blood that went and came  
A thousand little shafts of flame  
Were shiver'd in my narrow frame

O Love, O fire ! once he drew  
With one long kiss my whole soul thro  
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew

Before he mounts the hill, I know  
He cometh quickly from below  
Sweet gales, as from deep gardens, blow  
Before him, striking on my brow  
In my dry brain my spirit soon,  
Down deepening from swoon to swoon,  
Faints like a dazzled morning moon

The wind sounds like a silver wire,  
And from beyond the noon a fire  
Is pour'd upon the hills, and nigher  
The skies stoop down in their desire,  
And, isled in sudden seas of light,  
My heart, pierced thro' with fierce delight,  
Bursts into blossom in his sight

My whole soul waiting silently,  
All naked in a sultry sky,  
Droops blinded with his shining eye  
I *will* possess him or will die  
I will grow round him in his place,  
Grow, live, die looking on his face,  
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace

## CENONE

THERE lies a vale in Idr, lovelier  
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills  
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,  
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,  
And loiters, slowly drawn    On either hand  
The lawns and meadow ledges midway down  
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars  
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine  
In cataract after cataract to the sea  
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus  
Stands up and takes the morning    but in front  
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal  
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,  
The crown of Troas

Hither came at noon  
Mournful CEnone, wandering forlorn  
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills  
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck  
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest

## ÆNONE

She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,  
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain shade  
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff

‘O mother Ida, many fountain’d Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill  
The grasshopper is silent in the grass  
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,  
Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.  
The purple flower droops the golden bee  
Is lily cradled I alone awake  
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,  
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,  
And I am all weary of my life

‘O mother Ida, many fountain’d Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
Hear me, O Farth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves  
That house the cold crown’d snake! O mountain brooks,  
I am the daughter of a River God,  
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all  
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls  
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,  
A cloud that gather’d shape for it may be  
That, while I speak of it, a little while  
My heart may wander from its deeper woe



‘O mother Idæ, many fountain’d Idæ,  
Dear mother Idæ, harken ere I die  
I waited underneath the dawning hills,  
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy dark,  
And dewy dark aloft the mountain pine  
Beautiful Paris, evil hearted Paris,  
Leading a jet black goat white horn’d, white hooved,  
Came up from reedy Simois all alone

‘O mother Ida, harken ere I die  
Far off the torrent call’d me from the cleft  
Far up the solitary morning smote  
The streaks of virgin snow    With down dropt eyes  
I sat alone    white breasted like a star  
Fronting the dawn he moved, a leopard skin  
Droop’d from his shoulder, but his sunny hair  
Cluster’d about his temples like a God’s  
And his cheek brighten’d as the foam bow brightens  
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart  
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came

‘Dear mother Idæ, harken ere I die  
He smiled, and opening out his milk white palm  
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,  
That smelt ambrosially, and while I look’d  
And listen’d, the full flowing river of speech  
Came down upon my heart

“ My own Ænone,  
 Beautiful brow'd Ænone, my own soul,  
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrav'n  
 ‘ For the most fair,’ would seem to award it thine,  
 As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt  
 The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace  
 Of movement, and the charm of married brows ”

‘ Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
 He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,  
 And added “ This was cast upon the board,  
 When all the full faced presence of the Gods  
 Ranged in the halls of Peleus , whereupon  
 Rose feud, with question unto whom ’twere due  
 But light foot Iris brought it yester eve,  
 Delivering, that to me, by common voice  
 Elected umpire, Herè comes to day,  
 Pallas and Aphroditè, claiming each  
 This meed of fairest    Thou, within the cave  
 Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,  
 Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard  
 Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.”

‘ Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
 It was the deep midnight    one silvery cloud  
 Had lost his way between the piney sides

Of this long glen    Then to the bower they came,  
Naked they came to that smooth swarded bower,  
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,  
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,  
Lotos and lilies    and a wind arose,  
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,  
This way and that, in many a wild festoon  
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs  
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'

‘O mother Ida, harken ere I die  
On the tree tops a crested peacock lit,  
And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd  
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew  
Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom  
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows  
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods  
Rise up for reverence    She to Paris made  
Proffer of royal power, ample rule  
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue  
Wherewith to embellish state, “from many a vale  
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,  
Or labour'd mine undrainable of ore  
Honour,” she said, “and homage, tax and toll,  
From many an inland town and haven large,  
Mast throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel  
In glassy bays among her tallest towers”

‘O mother Ida, harken ere I die  
 Still she spake on and still she spake of power,  
 “Which in all action is the end of all ,  
 Power fitted to the season , wisdom-bred  
 And throned of wisdom—from all neighbour  
     crowns  
 Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand  
 Fail from the sceptre staff   Such boon from me,  
 From me, Heaven’s Queen, Paris, to thee king  
     born,  
 A shepherd all thy life but yet king born,  
 Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power  
 Only, ’re likest gods, who have attain’d  
 Rest in a happy place and quiet seats  
 Above the thunder, with undying bliss  
 In knowledge of their own supremacy ”

‘ Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
 She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit  
 Out at arm’s length, so much the thought of power  
 Flatter’d his spirit , but Pallas where she stood  
 Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs  
 O’erthwarted with the brazen headed spear  
 Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,  
 The while, above, her full and earnest eye  
 Over her snow cold breast and angry cheek  
 Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply

“Self reverence, self knowledge, self control,  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power  
Yet not for power (power of herself  
Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,  
Acting the law we live by without fear,  
And, because right is right, to follow right  
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence ”

‘ Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
Again she said “ I woo thee not with gifts  
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me  
To fairer Judge thou me by what I am,  
So shalt thou find me fairest

Yet, indeed,

If gazing on divinity disrobed  
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,  
Unbias'd by self-profit, oh ! rest thee sure  
That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,  
So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,  
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,  
To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,  
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow  
Sinew'd with action, and the full grown will,  
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,  
Commensure perfect freedom ”

‘ Here she ceas'd,  
And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, “ O Paris,

Give it to Pallas !” but he heard me not,  
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me !

‘O mother Ida, many fountain’d Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,  
Fresh as the foam, new bathed in Paphian wells,  
With rosy slender fingers backward drew  
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair  
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat  
And shoulder from the violets her light foot  
Shone rosy white, and o’er her rounded form  
Between the shadows of the vine bunches  
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved

‘Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die  
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,  
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh  
Half whisper’d in his ear, “I promise thee  
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece,”  
She spoke and laugh’d I shut my sight for fear  
But when I look’d, Paris had raised his arm,  
And I beheld great Herè’s angry eyes,  
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,  
And I was left alone within the bower,  
And from that time to this I am alone,  
And I shall be alone until I die

‘Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die  
Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not fair?  
My love hath told me so a thousand times  
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,  
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,  
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail  
Crouch’d fawning in the weed Most loving is  
she?’

Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms  
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest  
Close, close to thine in that quick falling dew  
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains  
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die  
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,  
My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge  
High over the blue gorge, and all between  
The snowy peak and snow white cataract  
Foster’d the callow eaglet—from beneath  
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn  
The panther’s roar came muffled, while I sat  
I ow in the valley Never, never more  
Shall lone Cēnone see the morning mist  
Sweep thro’ them, never see them overlaid  
With narrow moon lit slips of silver cloud,  
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die  
 I wish that somewhere in the ruin’d folds,  
 Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,  
 Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her  
 The Abominable, that uninvited came  
 Into the fair Peleian banquet hall,  
 And cast the golden fruit upon the board,  
 And bred this change, that I might speak my  
     mind,  
 And tell her to her face how much I hate  
 Her presence, hated both of Gods and men

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die  
 Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,  
 In this green valley, under this green hill,  
 Ev’n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?  
 Seal’d it with kisses? water’d it with tears?  
 O happy tears, and how unlike to these!  
 O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?  
 O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?  
 O death, death, death, thou ever floating cloud,  
 There are enough unhappy on this earth,  
 Pass by the happy souls, that love to live  
 I pray thee, pass before my light of life,  
 And shadow all my soul, that I may die  
 Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,  
 Weigh heavy on my eyelids let me die



‘O mother, hear me yet before I die  
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts  
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,  
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear  
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,  
Like footsteps upon wool I dimly see  
My far off doubtful purpose, as a mother  
Conjectures of the features of her child  
Ere it is born her child!—a shudder comes  
Across me never child be born of me,  
Unblest, to vex me with his father’s eyes!’

‘O mother, hear me yet before I die  
Hear me, O earth I will not die alone,  
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me  
Walking the cold and starless road of Death  
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love  
With the Greek woman I will rise and go  
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth  
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says  
A fire dances before her, and a sound  
Rings ever in her ears of armed men  
What this may be I know not, but I know  
That, wheresoe’er I am by night and day,  
All earth and air seem only burning fire’

## THE SISTERS

WE were two daughters of one race

She was the fairest in the face

The wind is blowing in turret and tree

They were together, and she fell ,

Therefore revenge became me well

O the Earl was fair to see !

She died she went to burning flame

She mix'd her ancient blood with shame

The wind is howling in turret and tree

Whole weeks and months, and early and late,

To win his love I lay in wait

O the Earl was fair to see !

I made a feast , I bad him come ,

I won his love, I brought him home

The wind is roaring in turret and tree

And after supper, on a bed,

Upon my lap he laid his head

O the Earl was fair to see !

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest  
His ruddy cheek upon my breast  
The wind is raging in turret and tree  
I hated him with the hate of hell,  
But I loved his beauty passing well  
O the Earl was fair to see !

I rose up in the silent night  
I made my dagger sharp and bright  
The wind is raving in turret and tree  
As half asleep his breath he drew,  
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'  
O the Earl was fair to see !

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,  
He look'd so grand when he was dead  
The wind is blowing in turret and tree  
I wrapt his body in the sheet,  
And laid him at his mother's feet.  
O the Earl was fair to see !

TO —

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM

I SEND you here a sort of allegory,  
(For you will understand it) of a soul,  
A sinful soul possess'd of many gifts,  
A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,  
A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain,  
That did love Beauty only, (Beauty seen  
In all varieties of mould and mind)  
And Knowledge for its beauty, or if Good,  
Good only for its beauty, seeing not  
That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three sisters  
That doat upon each other, friends to man,  
Living together under the same roof,  
And never can be sunder'd without tears  
And he that shuts I ove out, in turn shall be  
Shut out from I ove, and on her threshold lie  
Howling in outer darkness Not for this  
Was common clay ta'en from the common earth  
Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears  
Of angels to the perfect shape of man

## THE PALACE OF ART

I BUILT my soul a lordly pleasure house,  
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell  
I said, 'O Soul, make merry and carouse,  
Dear soul, for all is well'

A huge crag platform, smooth as burnish'd brass  
I chose The ranged ramparts bright  
From level meadow bases of deep grass  
Suddenly scaled the light

Thereon I built it firm Of ledge or shelf  
The rock rose clear, or winding stair  
My soul would live alone unto herself  
In her high palace there

And 'while the world runs round and round,' I said,  
'Reign thou apart, a quiet king,  
Still as, while Saturn whirls, his stedfast shade  
Sleeps on his luminous ring'

To which my soul made answer readily  
    ‘Trust me, in bliss I shall abide  
In this great mansion, that is built for me,  
    So royal rich and wide ’

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*  
\*    /                      \*

Four courts I made, East, West and South and North,  
    In each a squared lawn, wherefrom  
The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth  
    A flood of fountain foam

And round the cool green courts there ran a row  
    Of cloisters, branch'd like mighty woods,  
Echoing all night to that sonorous flow  
    Of spouted fountain floods

And round the roofs a gilded gallery  
    That lent broad verge to distant lands,  
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky  
    Dipt down to sea and sands

From those four jets four currents in one swell  
    Across the mountain stream'd below  
In misty folds, that floating as they fell  
    Lit up a torrent bow

And high on every peak a statue seem'd  
To hang on tiptoe, tossing up  
A cloud of incense of all odour steam'd  
From out a golden cup

So that she thought, 'And who shall gaze upon  
My palace with unblinded eyes,  
While this great bow will waver in the sun  
And that sweet incense rise?'

For that sweet incense rose and never fail'd,  
And, while day sank or mounted higher,  
The light aerial gallery, golden rail'd,  
Burnt like a fringe of fire

Likewise the deep set windows, stain'd and traced  
Would seem slow flaming crimson fires  
From shadow'd grotts of arches interlaced,  
And tipt with frost like spires

\*            \*            \*            \*  
\*            \*            \*            \*

Full of long sounding corridors it was,  
That over vaulted grateful gloom,  
Thro' which the livelong day my soul did pass,  
Well pleased, from room to room

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,  
All various, each a perfect whole  
From living Nature, fit for every mood  
And change of my still soul

For some were hung with arras green and blue,  
Showing a gaudy summer morn,  
Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew  
His wreathed bugle horn

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand,  
And some one pacing there alone,  
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,  
Lit with a low large moon

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves  
You seem'd to hear them climb and fall  
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves  
Beneath the windy wall

And one, a full fed river winding slow  
By herds upon an endless plain,  
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,  
With shadow-streaks of rain





Or in a clear wall'd city on the sea,  
Near gilded organ pipes, her hair  
Wound with white roses, slept St Cecily,  
An angel look'd at her

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise  
A group of Houris bow'd to see  
The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes  
That said, We wait for thee

Or mythic Uther's deeply wounded son  
In some fair space of sloping greens  
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,  
And watch'd by weeping queens

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,  
To list a foot-fall, ere he saw  
The wood nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king  
to hear  
Of wisdom and of law

Or over hills with peaky tops engrail'd,  
And many a tract of palm and rice,  
The throne of Indian Cama slowly sail'd  
A summer fann'd with spice

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd,  
From off her shoulder backward borne  
From one hand droop'd a crocus one hand grasp'd  
The mild bull's golden horn

Or else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh  
Half buried in the Eagle's down,  
Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky  
Above the pillar'd town

Nor these alone but every legend fair  
Which the supreme Caucasian mind  
Carved out of Nature for itself, was there,  
Not less than life, design'd

\* \* \* \*

Then in the towers I placed great bells that swung,  
Moved of themselves, with silver sound ,  
And with choice paintings of wise men I hung  
The royal dais round

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,  
Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild ,  
And there the world worn Dante grasp'd his song,  
And somewhat grimly smiled

And there the Ionian father of the rest ,  
A million wrinkles carved his skin ,  
A hundred winters snow'd upon his breast,  
From cheek and throat and chin

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately set  
Many an arch high up did lift,  
And angels rising and descending met  
With interchange of gift

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd  
With cycles of the human tale  
Of this wide world, the times of every land  
So wrought, they will not fail

The people here, a beast of burden slow,  
Loil'd onward, prick'd with goads and stings ,  
Here play'd, a tiger, rolling to and fro  
The heads and crowns of kings ,

Here rose, an athlete, strong to break or bind  
All force in bonds that might endure,  
And here once more like some sick man-declined  
And trusted any cure

But over these she trod and those great bells  
Began to chime She took her throne  
She sat betwixt the shining Oriels,  
To sing her songs alone

And thro' the topmost Oriels' coloured flame  
Two godlike faces gazed below ,  
Plato the wise, and large brow'd Verulam,  
The first of those who know

And all those names, that in their motion were  
Full welling fountain heads of change,  
Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd fan  
In diverse raiment strange

Thro' which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue,  
Flush'd in her temples and her eyes,  
And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew  
Rivers of melodies

No nightingale delighteth to prolong  
Her low preamble all alone,  
More than my soul to hear her echo'd song  
Throb thro' the ribbed stone ,

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,  
    Joying to feel herself alive,  
Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth,  
    Lord of the senses five ,

Communing with herself ‘All these are mine,  
    And let the world have peace or wars,  
’Tis one to me’ She—when young night divine  
    Crown’d dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious toils—  
    Lit light in wreaths and anadems,  
And pure quintessences of precious oils  
    In hollow’d moons of gems,

Lo mimic heaven , and clapt her hands and cried,  
    ‘I marvel if my still delight  
In this great house so royal rich, and wide,  
    Be flatter’d to the height

O all things fair to sate my various eyes !  
    O shapes and hues that please me well !  
O silent faces of the Great and Wise,  
    My Gods, with whom I dwell !

‘O God like isolation which art mine,  
I can but count thee perfect gain,  
What time I watch the darkening droves of swine  
That range on yonder plain

‘In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,  
They graze and wallow, breed and sleep,  
And oft some brainless devil enters in,  
And drives them to the deep’

Then of the moral instinct would she prate  
And of the rising from the dead,  
As hers by right of full accomplish’d Fate,  
And at the last she said

‘I take possession of man’s mind and deed  
I care not what the sects may brawl  
I sit as God holding no form of creed,  
But contemplating all’

\*            \*            \*            \*  
\*            \*            \*            \*

Full oft the riddle of the painful earth  
Flash’d thro’ her as she sat alone,  
Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,  
And intellectual throne

And so she throve and prosper'd so three years  
She prosper'd on the fourth she fell,  
Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,  
Struck thro' with pangs of hell

I est she should fail and perish utterly,  
God, before whom ever lie bare  
The abysmal deeps of Personality,  
Plagued her with sore despair

When she would think, where'er she turn'd her sight  
The airy hand confusion wrought,  
Wrote, 'Mene, mene,' and divided quite  
The kingdom of her thought

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude  
Fell on her, from which mood was born  
Scorn of herself, again, from out that mood  
Laughter at her self scorn

'What' is not this my place of strength,' she said,  
'My spacious mansion built for me,  
Whereof the strong foundation stones were laid  
Since my first memory?'



But in dark corners of her palace stood  
Uncertain shapes, and unawares  
On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood,  
And horrible nightmares,

And hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,  
And, with dim fretted foreheads all,  
On corpses three months old at noon she came,  
That stood against the wall

A spot of dull stagnation, without light  
Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,  
'Mid onward sloping motions infinite  
Making for one sure goal

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand,  
Left on the shore, that hears all night  
The plunging seas draw backward from the land  
Their moon led waters white

A star that with the choral starry dance  
Join'd not, but stood, and standing saw  
The hollow orb of moving Circumstance  
Roll'd round by one fix'd law

Back on herself her serpent pride had curl'd  
    'No voice,' she shriek'd in that lone hall,  
'No voice breaks thro' the stillness of this world  
    One deep, deep silence all !'

She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering  
    sod,  
    Inwrapt tenfold in slothful shame,  
Lay there exiled from eternal God,  
    Lost to her place and name ,

And death and life she hated equally,  
    And nothing saw, for her despair,  
But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,  
    No comfort anywhere ,

Remaining utterly confused with fears,  
    And ever worse with growing time,  
And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,  
    And all alone in crime

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round  
    With blackness as a solid wall,  
Far off she seem'd to hear the dully sound  
    Of human footsteps fall

As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,  
In doubt and great perplexity,  
A little before moon rise hears the low  
Moan of an unknown sea ,

And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound  
Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry  
Of great wild beasts , then thinketh, 'I have found  
A new land, but I die '

She howl'd aloud, 'I am on fire within  
There comes no murmur of reply  
What is it that will take away my sin,  
And save me lest I die ?'

So when four years were wholly finished  
She threw her royal robes away  
'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,  
'Where I may mourn and pray

'Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are  
So lightly, beautifully built  
Perchance I may return with others there  
When I have purged my guilt '

## LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,  
Of me you shall not win renown  
You thought to break a country heart  
For pastime, ere you went to town  
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled  
I saw the snare, and I retired  
The daughter of a hundred Earls,  
You are not one to be desired

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
I know you proud to bear your name,  
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,  
Too proud to care from whence I came  
Nor would I break for your sweet sake  
A heart that doats on truer charms  
A simple maiden in her flower  
Is worth a hundred coats-of arms

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

Some meeker pupil you must find,

For were you queen of all that is,

I could not stoop to such a mind

You sought to prove how I could love,

And my disdain is my reply

The lion on your old stone gates

Is not more cold to you than I

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

You put strange memories in my head

Not thrice your branching limes have blown

Since I beheld young Laurence dead

Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies

A great enchantress you may be ,

But there was that across his throat

Which you had hardly cared to see

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

When thus he met his mother's view,

She had the passions of her kind,

She spake some certain truths of you

Indeed I heard one bitter word

That scarce is fit for you to hear ,

Her manners had not that repose

Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

There stands a spectre in your hall  
The guilt of blood is at your door  
You changed a wholesome heart to gall  
You held your course without remorse,  
To make him trust his modest worth,  
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,  
And slew him with your noble birth

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,

From yon blue heavens above us bent  
The gardener Adam and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent  
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,

You pine among your halls and towers  
The languid light of your proud eyes  
Is wearied of the rolling hours  
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,  
But sickening of a vague disease,  
You know so ill to deal with time,  
You needs must play such pranks as these

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,  
If time be heavy on your hands,  
Are there no beggars at your gate,  
Nor any poor about your lands?  
Oh! teach the orphan boy to read,  
Or teach the orphan girl to sew,  
Pray Heaven for a human heart,  
And let the foolish yeoman go

## THE MAY QUEEN

You must wake and call me early, call me early  
    mother dear ,  
To morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad  
    New-year ,  
Of all the glad New year, mother, the maddest merriest  
    day ,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
    Queen o' the May

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so  
    bright as mine ,  
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline  
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,  
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
    Queen o' the May

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never  
    wake,  
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to  
    break



But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and  
garlands gay,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,  
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel  
tree?

He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him  
yesterday,  
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in  
white,  
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of  
light  
They call me cruel hearted, but I care not what they  
say,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never  
be  
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that  
to me?

I here's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer  
day,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May

I ttle Fffie shall go with me to morrow to the green,  
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the  
Queen ,

For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from  
far away,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy  
bowers,

And by the meadow trenches blow the fuint sweet  
cuckoo flowers ,

And the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps  
and hollows gray,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the  
meadow grass,

And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as  
they pass ,

There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the  
livelong day,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,  
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance  
and play,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May

So you must wake and call me early, call me early  
mother dear,  
To morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad  
New year  
To morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest  
day,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May

## NEW-YEAR'S EVE

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother  
dear,

For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New year

It is the last New year that I shall ever see,

When you may lay me low i' the mould and think no  
more of me

To night I saw the sun set he set and left behind

The good old year, the dear old time, and all my  
peace of mind,

And the New year's coming up, mother, but I shall  
never see

The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree

Last May we made a crown of flowers we had a  
merry day,

Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me  
Queen of May,

And we danced about the may pole and in the hazel  
copse,  
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white  
chimney tops

There's not a flower on all the hills the frost is on  
the pane  
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on  
high  
I long to see a flower so before the day I die

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea  
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer  
o'er the wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering  
grave

Upon the chancel casement, and upon that grave of  
mine,  
In the early early morning the summer sun ill shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the  
hill,  
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world  
is still

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the  
waning light

You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at  
night,

When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow  
cool

On the oat grass and the sword grass, and the bulrush  
in the pool

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn  
shade,

And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am  
lowly laid

I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when  
you pass,

With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant  
grass

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me  
now,

You'll kiss me, my own mother and forgive me ere I  
go,

Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be  
wild

You should not fret for me, mother, you have another  
child

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting  
place ,  
Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your  
face ,  
I ho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you say,  
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far  
away

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for  
evermore,  
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the  
door ,  
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing  
green  
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor  
Let her take 'em they are hers I shall never garden  
more  
But tell her, when I'm gone, to trim the rosebush that  
I set  
About the parlour window and the box of mignonette

Goodnight, sweet mother call me before the day is born  
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ,  
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New year,  
So, if you're waking, call me, call me carly, mother dear

## CONCLUSION

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am ,  
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the  
lamb

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year '  
I o die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's  
here

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,  
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that  
cannot rise,  
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers  
that blow,  
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,  
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be  
done '

But still I think it can't be long before I find release ,  
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words  
of peace



O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair !  
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet  
me there !

O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head !  
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my  
bed

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the  
sin

Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will  
let me in

Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that could  
be,

For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death  
watch beat,

There came a sweeter token when the night and  
morning meet

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in  
mine,

And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels  
call,

It was when the moon was setting and the dark was  
over all,

## CONCLUSION

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to  
roll,  
And in the wild March morning I heard them call  
my soul

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie  
dear,

I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here  
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt  
resign'd,

And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,  
And then did something speak to me—I know not  
what was said

For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my  
mind,

And up the valley came again the music on the wind

But you were sleeping and I said, 'It's not for them  
it's mine'

And if it come three times, I thought, I take it for a  
sign

And once again it came, and close beside the window  
bars,

I then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among  
the stars

So now I think my time is near I trust it is I  
know

The blessed music went that way my soul will have  
to go

And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to day

But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret,  
There's many a worthier than I, would make him  
happy yet

If I had lived-- I cannot tell I might have been his  
wife,

But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire  
of life

O look ' the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a  
glow,

He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I  
know

And there I move no longer now, and there his light  
may shine -

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day  
is done

The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the

For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—  
And what is life, that we should moan? why make  
we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—  
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie  
come—  
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your  
breast—  
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary  
are at rest

## THE LOTOS EATERS

COURAGE" he said, and pointed toward the land,  
' This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon '  
In the afternoon they came unto a land  
In which it seemed always afternoon  
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,  
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream  
Full faced above the valley stood the moon,  
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream  
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem

A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke,  
Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ,  
And some thro' waving lights and shadows broke,  
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below  
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow  
From the inner land far off, three mountain tops,  
Three silent pinpacles of aged snow,

Stood sunset flush'd and, dew'd with showery drops,  
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown  
In the red West thro' mountain clefts the dale  
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down  
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale  
And meadow, set with slender gulinalgal,  
A land where all things always seem'd the same!  
And round about the keel with faces pale,  
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,  
The mild eyed melancholy Lotos eaters came

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,  
Laden with flower and fruit, wherof they gave  
To each, but whoso did receive of them,  
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave  
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave  
On alien shores, and if his fellow spake,  
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave,  
And deep asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,  
And music in his ears his beating heart did make

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
Between the sun and moon upon the shore,  
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,  
Of child, and wife, and slave, but evermore

Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam  
Then some one said, ' We will return no more ,  
And all at once they sang, ' Our island home  
Is far beyond the wave , we will no longer roam '

### CHORIC SONG

THERE IS SWEET MMUSIC HERE THAT SOFTER FFALLS  
THAN PPETALS FROM BLOWN ROSES OON THE GGRASS,  
OOR NIGHT DDEWS OON SSTILL WWATERS BBETWEEN WWALLS  
OOF SSHADOWY GGRANITE, IIN A GGLEAMING PPASS ,  
MMUSIC THAT GGENTLIER OON TTHE SSPIRIT LLIES,  
THAN TTIR'D EYELIDS UUPON TTIR'D EEYES ,  
MMUSIC THAT BBRINGS SWEET SSLEEP DDOWN FFROM TTHE  
                  bLISSFUL SSKIES  
HHERE AARE CCOOL MMOSSES DDEEP,  
AAND TTHRO' TTHE MMOSS TTHE IIVICS CCREEP,  
AAND IIN TTHE SSTREAM TTHE LLONG LLEAVED FFLOWERS WWEEP,  
AAND FFROM TTHE CCRAGGY LLEDGE TTHE PPOPPY HHANGS IIN  
                  sLEEP

### II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,  
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,  
While all things else have rest from weariness?

All things have rest why should we toil alone,  
We only toil, who are the first of things,  
And make perpetual moan,  
Still from one sorrow to another thrown  
Nor ever fold our wings,  
And cease from wanderings,  
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm,  
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,  
'There is no joy but calm !'  
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of  
things?

## III

Lo ! in the middle of the wood,  
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud  
With winds upon the branch, and there  
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,  
Sun steep'd at noon, and in the moon  
Nightly dew fed , and turning yellow  
Falls, and floats adown the air  
I o ! sweeten'd with the summer light,  
The full juiced apple, waxing over mellow,  
Drops in a silent autumn night  
All its allotted length of days,  
The flower ripens in its place,  
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,  
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil



## IV

Hateful is the dark blue sky,  
Vaulted o'er the dark blue sea  
Death is the end of life , ah, why  
Should life all labour be ?  
Let us alone    Time driveth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb  
Let us alone    What is it that will last ?  
All things are taken from us, and become  
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past  
Let us alone    What pleasure can we have  
To war with evil ?    Is there any peace  
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?  
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave  
In silence , ripen, fall and cease  
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful  
    ease

## V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half dream !  
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,  
Which will not leave the myrrh bush on the height,  
To hear each other's whisper'd speech ,  
Eating the Lotos day by day,

To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,  
And tender curving lines of creamy spray ,  
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
To the influence of mild minded melancholy ,  
To muse and brood and live again in memory,  
With those old faces of our infancy  
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,  
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

## VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,  
And dear the last embraces of our wives  
And their warm tears but all hath suffer'd change  
For surely now our household hearths are cold  
Our sons inherit us our looks are strange  
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy  
Or else the island princes over bold  
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings  
Before them of the ten years war in Trøy,  
And our great deeds, as half forgotten things  
Is there confusion in the little isle?  
Let what is broken so remain  
The Gods are hard to reconcile  
'Tis hard to settle order once again  
Here *is* confusion worse than death,  
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,

Long labour unto aged breath,  
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars  
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars

## VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,  
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)  
With half dropt eyelid still,  
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly  
His waters from the purple hill—  
To hear the dewy echoes calling  
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—  
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling  
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus wreath divine!  
Only to hear and see the far off sparkling brine,  
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the  
    pine

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak  
The Lotos blows by every winding creek  
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone  
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone  
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos  
    dust is blown

We have had enough of action and of motion we,  
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge  
was seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam  
fountains in the sea

I let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,  
In the hollow Lotos land to live and lie reclined  
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind  
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are  
hurl'd

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are  
lightly curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming  
world

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,  
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring  
deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,  
and praying hands

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful  
song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,  
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong,  
Chanted from an ill used race of men that cleave the  
soil,

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,  
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil,

Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—  
down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell  
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel  
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the  
shore

I han labour in the deep mid ocean, wind and wave  
and oar ,

Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more

## A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,  
    ‘*The Legend of Good Women*,’ long ago  
Sung by the morning star of song, who made  
    His music heard below

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath  
    Preluded those melodious bursts that fill  
The spacious times of great Elizabeth  
    With sounds that echo still

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art  
    Held me above the subject, as strong gales  
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho’ my heart,  
    Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears    In every land  
    I saw, wherever light illumineth,  
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand  
    The downward slope to death

Those far renowned brides of ancient song  
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,  
And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,  
And trumpets blown for wars ,

And clattering flints batter'd with clanging hoofs ,  
And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries ,  
And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs  
Of marble palaces ,

Corpses across the threshold , heroes tall  
Dislodging pinnacle and parapet  
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall ,  
Lances in ambush set ,

And high shrine doors burst thro' with heated blasts  
That run before the fluttering tongues of fire ,  
White surf wind scatter'd over sails and masts,  
And ever climbing higher ,

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,  
Scaffolds, still sheets of water, drivers woes,  
Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,  
And hush'd seraglios

So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land  
Bluster the winds and tides the self same way,  
Crisp foam flakes scud along the level sand,  
Forn from the fringe of spray

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,  
Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,  
As when a great thought strikes along the brain,  
And flushes all the cheek

And once my arm was lifted to hew down  
A cavalier from off his saddle bow,  
That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town,  
And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down lapsing thought  
Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep  
Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and  
brought  
Into the gulfs of sleep

At last methought that I had wander'd far  
In an old wood fresh wash'd in coolest dew  
The maiden splendours of the morning star  
Shook in the stedfast blue



Enormous elm tree boles did stoop and lean  
    Upon the dusky brushwood underneath  
Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest  
    green,  
New from its silken sheath

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,  
    And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,  
Half fall'n across the threshold of the sun,  
    Never to rise again

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,  
    Not any song of bird or sound of rill,  
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre  
    Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest    Growths of jasmine turn'd  
    Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,  
And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd  
    The red anemone

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew  
    The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn  
On those long, rank, dark wood walks drench'd in dew,  
    Leading from lawn to lawn

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,  
    Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame  
The times when I remember to have been  
    Joyful and free from blame

And from within me a clear under tone  
    Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,  
' Pass freely thro' the wood is all thine own,  
    Until the end of time '

At length I saw a lady within call,  
    Stillter than chisell'd marble, standing there ,  
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,  
    And most divinely fair

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise  
    Froze my swift speech she turning on my face  
The star like sorrows of immortal eyes,  
    Spoke slowly in her place

' I had great beauty ask thou not my name  
    No one can be more wise than destiny  
Many drew swords and died Where'er I came  
    I brought calamity '

‘No marvel, sovereign lady in fair field  
Myself for such a face had boldly died,  
I answer’d free, and turning I appeal’d  
To one that stood beside

But she, with sick and scornful looks averse,  
To her full height her stately stature draws,  
‘My youth,’ she said, ‘was blasted with a curse  
This woman was the cause

‘I was cut off from hope in that sad place,  
Which men call’d Aulis in those iron years  
My father held his hand upon his face,  
I, blinded with my tears,

‘Still strove to speak my voice was thick with sighs  
As in a dream Dimly I could descry  
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,  
Waiting to see me die

‘The high masts flicker’d as they lay afloat,  
The crowds, the temples, waver’d, and the shore,  
The bright death quiver’d at the victim’s throat,  
Touch’d, and I knew no more’

Whereto the other with a downward brow  
    ‘I would the white cold heavy plunging foam;  
Whirl’d by the wind, had roll’d me deep below,  
    Then when I left my home

Her slow full words sank thro’ the silence drear,  
    As thunder drops fall on a sleeping sea  
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, ‘Come here,  
    That I may look on thee’

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,  
    One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll’d,  
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,  
    Brow bound with burning gold

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began  
    ‘I govern’d men by change, and so I sway’d  
All moods   ’Tis long since I have seen a man  
    Once, like the moon, I made

‘The ever-shifting currents of the blood  
    According to my humour ebb and flow  
I have no men to govern in this wood  
    That makes my only woe

‘Nay—yet it chafes me that I could not bend  
     One will, nor tame and tutor with mine eye  
 I hat dull cold blooded Cæsar    Prythee, friend,  
     Where is Mark Antony?’

‘The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime  
     On Fortune’s neck    we sat as God by God  
 The Nilus would have risen before his time  
     And flooded it our nod

‘We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit  
     Lamps which out burn’d Canopus    O my life  
 In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,  
     The flattery and the strife,

And the wild kiss, when fresh from war’s alarms,  
     My Hercules, my Roman Antony,  
 My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,  
     Contented there to die!’

‘And there he died    and when I heard my name  
     Sigh’d forth with life I would not brook my fear  
 Of the other    with a worm I balk’d his fame  
     What else was left? look here!’

*A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN*

( With that she tore her robe apart, and half  
The polish'd argent of her breast to sight  
Laid bare    I hereto she pointed with a laugh,  
Showing the aspick's bite )

' I died a Queen    The Roman soldier found  
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,  
A name for ever ' - lying robed and crown'd,  
Worthy a Roman spouse '

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range  
Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance  
From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change  
Of liveliest utterance

When she made pause I knew not for delight ,  
Because with sudden motion from the ground  
She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light  
The interval of sound

Still with their fires I overtop his keenest darts  
As once they drew into two burning rings  
All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts  
Of captains and of kings

Slowly my sense undazzled    Then I heard  
    A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,  
And singing clearer than the crested bird  
    That claps his wings at dawn

'The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel  
    From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,  
Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,  
    Far heard beneath the moon

'The balmy moon of blessed Israel  
    Floods all the deep blue gloom with beams  
    divine  
All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell  
    With spires of silver shine '

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves  
    The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door  
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves  
    Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied  
    To where he stands,—so stood I, when that flow  
Of music left the lips of her that died  
    To save her father's vow ,

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,  
A maiden pure, as when she went along  
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,  
With timbrel and with song

My words leapt forth 'Heaven heads the count of  
crimes  
With that wild oath' She render'd answer high  
'Not so, nor once alone, a thousand times  
I would be born and die

'Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root  
Creeps to the garden water pipes beneath,  
Feeding the flower, but ere my flower to fruit  
Changed, I was ripe for death

My God, my land, my father—these did move  
Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave  
I over'd softly with a threefold cord of love  
Down to a silent grave

'And I went mourning, "No fair Hebrew boy  
Shall smile away my maiden blame among  
The Hebrew mothers"—emptied of all joy,  
Leaving the dance and song,



‘ Leaving the olive gardens far below,  
    Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,  
The valleys of grape loaded vines that glow  
    Beneath the battled tower

‘ The light white cloud swam over us    Anon  
    We heard the lion roaring from his den ,  
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,  
    Or, from the darken’d glen,

‘ Saw God divide the night with flying flame,  
    And thunder on the everlasting hills  
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became  
    A solemn scorn of ills

‘ When the next moon was roll’d into the sky,  
    Strength came to me that equall’d my desire  
How beautiful a thing it was to die  
    For God and for my sire !

‘ It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,  
    That I subdued me to my father’s will ,  
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,  
    Sweetens the spirit still

‘Moreover it is written that my race  
Hew’d Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer •  
On Arnon unto Minneth’ Here her face  
Glow’d, as I look’d at her

She lock’d her lips she left me where I stood  
‘Glory to God,’ she sang, and past afar,  
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,  
Toward the morning star

Losing her carol I stood pensively,  
As one that from a casement leans his head,  
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,  
And the old year is dead

‘Alas ! alas !’ a low voice, full of care,  
Murmur’d beside me ‘Turn and look on me  
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,  
If what I was I be

‘Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor !  
O me, that I should ever see the light !  
Those dragon eyes of anger’d Eleanor  
Do hunt me, day and night’

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust  
    To whom the Egyptian 'O, you tamely died '  
You should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thrust  
    The dagger thro' her side '

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams,  
    Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery  
Of folded sleep   The captain of my dreams  
    Ruled in the eastern sky

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark,  
    Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance  
Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc,  
    A light of ancient France ,

Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,  
    Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,  
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,  
    Sweet as new buds in Spring

No memory labours longer from the deep  
    Gold mines of thought to lift the hidden ore  
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep  
    To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight    With what dull pain  
    Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike '   
Into that wondrous track of dreams again !  
    But no two dreams are like

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,  
    Desiring what is mingled with past years,  
In yearnings that can never be exprest  
    By signs or groans or tears ,

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,  
    Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,  
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart  
    Faints, faded by its heat

## THE BLACKBIRD

O BLACKBIRD ! sing me something well  
While all the neighbours shoot thee round,  
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,  
Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell

The espaliers and the standards all  
Are thine , the range of lawn and park  
The unnetted black hearts ripen dark,  
All thine, against the garden wall

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring,  
Thy sole delight is, sitting still,  
With that gold dagger of thy bill  
To fret the summer jenneting

A golden bill ! the silver tongue,  
Cold February loved, is dry  
Plenty corrupts the melody  
That made thee famous once, when young

And in the sultry garden squares,  
Now thy flute notes are changed to coarse,  
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse  
As when a hawker hawks his wares

Take warning ' he that will not sing  
While yon sun prospers in the blue,  
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,  
Caught in the frozen palms of Spring

## THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

FULL knee deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing  
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the old year lies a dying  
Old year, you must not die ,  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old year, you shall not die

He lieth still he doth not move  
He will not see the dawn of day  
He hath no other life above  
He gave me a friend, and a true true love,  
And the New year will take 'em away  
Old year, you must not go ,  
So long as you have been with us,  
Such joy as you have seen with us,  
Old year, you shall not go

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim ,  
A jollier year we shall not see  
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,  
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,  
He was a friend to me

Old year, you shall not die ,  
We did so laugh and cry with you,  
I've half a mind to die with you,  
Old year, if you must die

He was full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er  
To see him die, across the waste  
His son and heir doth ride post haste,  
But he'll be dead before

Every one for his own  
The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
And the New year blithe and bold, my  
friend,  
Comes up to take his own

How hard he breathes ! over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock  
The shadows flicker to and fro  
The cricket chirps the light burns low  
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock



Shake hands, before you die  
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you  
What is it we can do for you?  
Speak out before you die

His face is growing sharp and thin  
Alack! our friend is gone  
Close up his eyes tie up his chin  
Step from the corpse, and let him in  
I hat standeth there alone,  
And waiteth at the door  
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door

## TO J S

THE wind, that beats the mountain, blows  
    More softly round the open wold,  
And gently comes the world to those  
    That are cast in gentle mould

And me this knowledge bolder made,  
    Or else I had not dared to flow  
In these words toward you, and invade  
    Even with a verse your holy woe

'Tis strange that those we lean on most,  
    Those in whose laps our limbs are nursed,  
Fall into shadow, soonest lost  
    Those we love first are taken first

God gives us love   Something to love  
    He lends us , but, when love is grown  
To ripeness, that on which it throve  
    Falls off, and love is left alone

This is the curse of time    Alas !  
    In grief I am not all unlearn'd ,  
Once thro' mine own doors Death did pass ,  
    One went, who never hath return'd

He will not smile—not speak to me  
    Once more    I wo years his chair is seen  
Empty before us    That was he  
    Without whose life I had not been

Your loss is rarer , for this star  
    Rose with you thro' a little arc  
Of heaven, nor having wander'd far  
    Shot on the sudden into dark

I knew your brother    his mute dust  
    I honour and his living worth  
A man more pure and bold and just  
    Was never born into the earth

I have not look'd upon you nigh,  
    Since that dear soul hath fall'n asleep  
Great Nature is more wise than I  
    I will not tell you not to weep

And tho' mine own eyes fill with dew,  
    Drawn from the spirit thro' the brain,  
I will not even preach to you,  
    ' Weep, weeping dulls the inward pain '

Let Grief be her own mistress still  
    She loveth her own anguish deep  
More than much pleasure   Let her will  
    Be done—to weep or not to weep

I will not say, ' God's ordinance  
    Of Death is blown in every wind ,'  
For that is not a common chance  
    That takes away a noble mind

His memory long will live alone  
    In all our hearts, as mournful light  
That broods above the fallen sun,  
    And dwells in heaven half the night

Vain solace ! Memory standing near  
    Cast down her eyes, and in her throat  
Her voice seem'd distant, and a tear  
    Dropt on the letters as I wrote

I wrote I know not what    In truth,  
    How *should* I soothe you anyway,  
Who miss the brother of your youth?  
    Yet something I did wish to say

For he too was a friend to me  
    Both are my friends, and my true breast  
Bleedeth for both , yet it may be  
    I hat only silence suiteth best

Words weaker than your grief would make  
    Grief more    'Twere better I should cease  
Although myself could almost take  
    The place of him that sleeps in peace

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace  
    Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,  
While the stars burn, the moons increase,  
    And the great ages onward roll

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet  
    Nothing comes to thee new or strange  
Sleep full of rest from head to feet ,  
    Lie still, dry dust, secure of change

## ON A MOURNER

NATURE, so far as in her lies,  
Imitates God, and turns her face  
To every land beneath the skies,  
Counts nothing that she meets with base,  
But lives and loves in every place ,

### II

Fills out the homely quickset screens,  
And makes the purple lilac ripe,  
Steps from her airy hill, and greens  
The swamp, where humm'd the dropping snipe,  
With moss and braided marish-pipe ,

### III

And on thy heart a finger lays,  
Saying, ' Beat quicker, for the time  
Is pleasant, and the woods and ways  
Are pleasant, and the beech and lime  
Put forth and feel a gladder clime '

## IV

And murmurs of a deeper voice,  
    Going before to some far shrine,  
Teach that sick heart the stronger choice,  
    Till all thy life one way incline  
    With one wide Will that closes thine

## V

And when the zoning eve has died  
    Where yon dark valleys wind forlorn,  
Come Hope and Memory, spouse and bride,  
    From out the borders of the morn,  
    With that fair child betwixt them born

## VI

And when no mortal motion jars  
    The blackness round the tombing sod,  
Thro' silence and the trembling stars  
    Comes Faith from tracts no feet have trod,  
    And Virtue, like a household god

## VII

Promising empire, such as those  
    Once heard at dead of night to greet  
Troy's wandering prince, so that he rose  
    With sacrifice, while all the fleet  
    Had rest by stony hills of Crete

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,  
    Within this region I subsist,  
    Whose spirits falter in the mist,  
And languish for the purple seas

It is the land that freemen till,  
    That sober suited Freedom chose,  
    The land, where girt with friends or foes  
A man may speak the thing he will ,

A land of settled government,  
    A land of just and old renown,  
    Where Freedom slowly broadens down  
From precedent to precedent

Where faction seldom gathers head,  
    But by degrees to fulness wrought,  
    The strength of some diffusive thought  
Hath time and space to work and spread



Should banded unions persecute  
     Opinion, and induce a time  
     When single thought is civil crime,  
 And individual freedom mute ,

Tho' Power should make from land to land  
     The name of Britain trebly great—  
     Tho' every channel of the State  
 Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour mouth,  
     Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,  
     And I will see before I die  
 The palms and temples of the South

Or old sat Freedom on the heights,  
The thunders breaking at her feet  
Above her shook the starry lights  
She heard the torrents meet

There in her place she did rejoice,  
Self gather'd in her prophet mind,  
But fragments of her mighty voice  
Came rolling on the wind

Then stept she down thro' town and field  
To mingle with the human race,  
And part by part to men reveal'd  
The fulness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,  
From her isle altar gazing down,  
Who, God like, grasps the triple forks,  
And, King like, wears the crown

Her open eyes desire the truth  
    The wisdom of a thousand years  
Is in them    May perpetual youth  
    Keep dry their light from tears ,

That her fair form may stand and shine,  
    Make bright our days and light our dreams,  
Turning to scorn with lips divine  
    The falsehood of extremes !

Love thou thy land, with love far brought  
From out the storied Past, and used  
Within the Present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,  
Love, that endures not sordid ends,  
For English natures, freemen, friends,  
Thy brothers and immortal souls

But pamper not a hasty time,  
Nor feed with crude imaginings  
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings  
That every sophister can lime

Deliver not the tasks of might  
To weakness, neither hide the ray  
From those, not blind, who wait for day,  
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light

Make knowledge circle with the winds ,  
But let her herald, Reverence, fly  
Before her to whatever sky  
Bear seed of men and growth of minds

Watch what main currents draw the years  
Cut Prejudice against the grain  
But gentle words are always gain  
Regard the weakness of thy peers

Nor toil for title, place, or touch  
Of pension, neither count on praise  
It grows to guerdon after days  
Nor deal in watch words overmuch

Not clinging to some ancient saw ,  
Not master'd by some modern term  
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm  
And in its season bring the law ,

That from Discussion's lip may fall  
With Life, that, working strongly, binds—  
Set in all lights by many minds  
To close the interests of all

For Nature also, cold and warm,  
And moist and dry, devising long,  
Thro' many agents making strong,  
Matures the individual form

Meet is it changes should control  
Our being, lest we rust in ease  
We all are changed by still degrees,  
All but the basis of the soul

So let the change which comes be free  
To ingroove itself with that which flies,  
And work, a joint of state, that plies  
Its office, moved with sympathy

A saying, hard to shape in act ,  
For all the past of Time reveals  
A bridal dawn of thunder peals  
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife  
A motion toiling in the gloom—  
The Spirit of the years to come  
Yearning to mix himself with Life

A slow develop'd strength awaits  
Completion in a painful school ,  
Phantoms of other forms of rule,  
New Majesties of mighty States—

The warders of the growing hour,  
But vague in vapour, hard to mark ,  
And round them sea and air are dark  
With great contrivances of Power

Of many changes, aptly join'd,  
Is bodied forth the second whole  
Regard gradation, lest the soul  
Of Discord race the rising wind ,

A wind to puff your idol fires,  
And heap their ashes on the head ,  
To shame the boast so often made,  
That we are wiser than our sires

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star  
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,  
To follow flying steps of Truth  
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,  
Must ever shock, like armed foes,  
And this be true, till Time shall close,  
That Principles are rain'd in blood ,

Not yet the wise of heart would cease  
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,  
But with his hand against the hilt,  
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace ,

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,  
Would serve his kind in deed and word,  
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,  
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke  
From either side, nor veil his eyes  
And if some dreadful need should rise  
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke

To morrow yet would reap to day,  
As we bear blossom of the dead ,  
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed  
Raw Haste, half sister to Delay



## ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782

O THOU, that sendest out the man  
    To rule by land and sea,  
Strong mother of a Lion line,  
Be proud of those strong sons of thine  
    Who wrench'd their rights from thee !

What wonder, if in noble heat  
    Those men thine arms withstood,  
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,  
And in thy spirit with thee fought—  
    Who sprang from English blood !

But Thou rejoice with liberal joy,  
    Lift up thy rocky face,  
And shatter, when the storms are black,  
In many a streaming torrent back,  
    The seas that shock thy base !

Whatever harmonies of law

    The growing world assume,

Thy work is thine — The single note

From that deep chord which Hampden smote

    Will vibrate to the doom

## THE GOOSE

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,  
Her rags scarce held together ,  
There strode a stranger to the door,  
And it was windy weather

He held a goose upon his arm,  
He utter'd rhyme and reason,  
' Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,  
It is a stormy season '

She caught the white goose by the leg,  
A goose—'twas no great matter  
The goose let fall a golden egg  
With cackle and with clatter

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf,  
And ran to tell her neighbours ,  
And bless'd herself, and cursed herself,  
And rested from her labours

And feeding high, and living soft,  
Grew plump and able bodied ,  
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,  
The parson smirk'd and nodded

So sitting, served by man and maid,  
She felt her heart grow prouder  
But ah ! the more the white goose laid  
It clack'd and cackled louder

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there ,  
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle  
She shifted in her elbow chair,  
And hurl'd the pan and kettle

' A quinsy choke thy cursed note !'  
Then wax'd her anger stronger  
' Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,  
I will not bear it longer '

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat ,  
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer  
The goose flew this way and flew that,  
And fill'd the house with clamour

As head and heels upon the floor  
They flounder'd all together,  
There strode a stranger to the door,  
And it was windy weather

He took the goose upon his arm,  
He utter'd words of scorning,  
'So keep you cold, or keep you warm,  
It is a stormy morning'

The wild wind rang from park and plain,  
And round the attics rumbled,  
Till all the tables danced again,  
And half the chimneys tumbled

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,  
The blast was hard and harder  
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,  
And a whirlwind clear'd the larder

And while on all sides breaking loose  
Her household fled the danger,  
Quoth she, 'The Devil take the goose,  
And God forget the stranger!'

## ENGLISH IDYLS

### THE EPIC

AT Francis Allen's on the Christmas eve,—  
The game of forfeits done—the girls all kiss'd  
Beneath the sacred bush and past away—  
The parson Holmes, the poet Everard Hall,  
The host, and I sat round the wassail bowl,  
Then half way ebb'd and there we held a talk,  
How all the old honour had from Christmas gone  
Or gone, or dwindled down to some odd games  
In some odd nooks like this, till I, tired out  
With cutting eights that day upon the pond,  
Where, three times slipping from the outer edge,  
I bump'd the ice into three several stars,  
Fell in a doze, and half awake I heard  
The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,  
Now harping on the church commissioners,  
Now hawking at Geology and schism,

Until I woke, and found him settled down  
Upon the general decay of faith  
Right thro' the world, 'at home was little left,  
And none abroad there was no anchor, none,  
To hold by' Francis, laughing, clapt his hand  
On Everard's shoulder, with 'I hold by him'  
'And I,' quoth Everard, 'by the wassail bowl'  
'Why yes,' I said, 'we knew your gift that way  
At college but another which you had,  
I mean of verse (for so we held it then),  
What came of that?' 'You know,' said Frank, 'he  
burnt

His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve books'—  
And then to me demanding why? 'Oh, sir,  
He thought that nothing new was said, or else  
Something so said 'twas nothing—that a truth  
Looks freshest in the fashion of the day  
God knows he has a mint of reasons ask  
It pleased *me* well enough' 'Nay, nay,' said Hall,  
'Why take the style of those heroic times?  
For nature brings not back the Mastodon,  
Nor we those times, and why should any man  
Remodel models? these twelve books of mine  
Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing worth,  
Mere chaff and draff, much better burnt' 'But I,'  
Said Francis, 'pick'd the eleventh from this hearth  
And have it keep a thing, its use will come

I hoard it as a sugar plum for Holmes '  
He laugh'd, and I, tho' sleepy, like a horse  
That hears the corn bin open, prick'd my ears ,  
For I remember'd Everard's college fame  
When we were Freshmen then at my request  
He brought it , and the poet little urged,  
But with some prelude of disparagement,  
Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and acs,  
Deep-chested music, and to this result



## MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
Among the mountains by the winter sea ,  
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,  
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,  
King Arthur then, because his wound was deep,  
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
That stood on a dark strait of barren land  
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
Lay a great water, and the moon was full

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere  
'The sequel of to day unsolders all  
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
Whereof this world holds record Such a sleep  
They sleep—the men I loved I think that we  
Shall never more, at any future time,

Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
Walking about the gardens and the halls  
Of Camelot, as in the days that were  
I perish by this people which I made,—  
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again  
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,  
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm  
That without help I cannot last till morn  
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
Which was my pride for thou rememberest how  
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across  
And took it, and have worn it, like a king  
And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
In aftertime, this also shall be known  
But now delay not take Excalibur,  
And fling him far into the middle mere  
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word '

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere  
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm  
A little thing may harm a wounded man  
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word '

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept  
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,  
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
Old knights, and over them the sea wind sang  
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam    He, stepping down  
By zig zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,  
Came on the shining levels of the lake

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,  
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,  
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt  
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,  
Myriads of topaz lights, and jacinth work  
Of subtlest jewellery    He gazed so long  
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,  
This way and that dividing the swift mind,  
In act to throw    but at the last it seem'd  
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd  
There in the many knotted waterflags,  
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge  
So strode he back slow to the wounded King

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere  
'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?  
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere  
'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
And the wild water lapping on the crag'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale  
'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,  
Not rendering true answer as beseem'd  
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight  
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,  
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere  
This is a shameful thing for men to lie  
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again  
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time  
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought,  
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote  
His palms together, and he cried aloud

'And if indeed I cast the brand away,  
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,  
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.  
What good should follow this, if this were done?  
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule  
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
An act unprofitable, against himself?  
The King is sick, and knows not what he does  
What record, or what relic of my lord  
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath  
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept  
Stored in some treasure house of mighty kings,  
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur  
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake  
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
Upon the hidden bases of the hills"  
So might some old man speak in the aftertime  
To all the people, winning reverence  
But now much honour and much fame were lost

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,  
And hid Excalibur the second time,  
And so strode back slow to the wounded King

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily  
'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere  
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
And the long ripple washing in the reeds'

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath  
Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
Unknightly, traitor hearted ! Woe is me !  
Authority forgets a dying king,  
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye  
That bow'd the will I see thee what thou art,  
For thou, the latest left of all my knights,  
In whom should meet the offices of all,  
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt,  
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes  
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence  
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
I will arise and slay thee with my hands '

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,  
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,  
And strongly wheel'd and threw it The great brand  
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,  
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch  
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
By night, with noises of the northern sea  
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur  
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere  
And lightly went the other to the King

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath  
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done  
Speak out what is it thou hast heard, or seen?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere  
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems  
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,  
So great a miracle as yonder hilt  
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him,  
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard  
'My end draws nigh, 'tis time that I were gone  
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,  
And bear me to the margin, yet I fear  
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die'

So saying, from the pavement he halt rose,  
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
As in a picture    Him Sir Bedivere  
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,  
And would have spoken, but he found not words,  
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,  
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
When all the house is mute    So sigh'd the King,  
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick'  
I fear it is too late, and I shall die'  
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,  
Larger than human on the frozen hills  
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry  
Before    His own thought drove him, like a goad  
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves  
And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based  
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—  
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,  
And the long glories of the winter moon



Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,  
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,  
Beneath them, and descending they were ware  
That all the decks were dense with stately forms  
Black stoled, black hooded, like a dream—by these  
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose  
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,  
And, as it were one voice, an agony  
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills  
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
Or hath come, since the making of the world

Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'  
And to the barge they came There those three Queens  
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept  
But she, that rose the tallest of them all  
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,  
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,  
And dropping bitter tears against his brow  
Striped with dark blood for all his face was white  
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon  
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east,  
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops  
Of onset, and the light and lustrous curls—  
That made his forehead like a rising sun  
High from the dais throne—were parch'd with dust,

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,  
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips,  
So like a shatter'd column lay the King,  
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,  
From spur to plume a star of tournament,  
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged  
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,  
'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?  
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?  
For now I see the true old times are dead,  
When every morning brought a noble chance,  
And every chance brought out a noble knight  
Such times have been not since the light that led  
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh  
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved  
Which was an image of the mighty world,  
And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
And the days darken round me, and the years,  
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge  
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world  
Comfort thyself what comfort is in me?

I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul More things are wrought by prayer  
I than this world dreams of Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God  
But now farewell I am going a long way  
With these thou seest if indeed I go—  
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
To the island valley of Avilion ,  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly , but it lies  
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound '

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
Moved from the brink, like some full breasted swan  
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
With swarthy webs Long stood Sir Bedivere

Revolving many memories, till the hull  
I ook'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
And on the mere the wailing died away

HERE ended Hall, and our last light, that long  
Had wink'd and threaten'd darkness, flared and fell  
At which the Parson, sent to sleep with sound,  
And waked with silence, grunted 'Good!' but we  
Sat rapt - it was the tone with which he read -  
Perhaps some modern touches here and there  
Redeem'd it from the charge of nothingness -  
Or else we loved the man, and prized his work,  
I know not - but we sitting, as I said,  
The cock crew loud, as at that time of year  
The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn  
Then Francis, muttering, like a man ill used,  
'There now--that's nothing!' drew a little back,  
And drove his heel into the smoulder'd log,  
That sent a blast of sparkles up the flue  
And so to bed, where yet in sleep I seem'd  
To sail with Arthur under looming shores,  
Point after point, till on to dawn, when dreams  
Begin to feel the truth and stir of day,  
To me, methought, who waited with a crowd,  
There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore  
King Arthur, like a modern gentleman  
Of statestest port, and all the people cried,

'Arthur is come again he cannot die'  
Then those that stood upon the hills behind  
Repeated— 'Come again, and thrice as fair,'  
And, further inland, voices echo'd— 'Come  
With all good things, and war shall be no more  
At this a hundred bells began to peal,  
That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed  
The clear church bells ring in the Christmas morn

## THE GARDENERS DAUGHTER ,

OR, THE PICTURES

THIS morning is the morning of the day,  
When I and Eustace from the city went  
To see the Gardener's Daughter , I and he,  
Brothers in Art , a friendship so complete  
Portion'd in halves between us, that we grew  
The fable of the city where we dwelt

My Eustace might have sat for Hercules ,  
So muscular he spread, so broad of breast  
He, by some law that holds in love, and draws  
The greater to the lesser, long desired  
A certain miracle of symmetry,  
A miniature of loveliness, all grace  
Summ'd up and closed in little ,—Juliet, she  
So light of foot, so light of spirit—oh, she  
To me myself, for some three careless moons,  
The summer pilot of an empty heart

Unto the shores of nothing ' Know you not  
Such touches are but embassies of love,  
To tamper with the feelings, ere he found  
Empire for life ? but Eustace painted her  
And said to me, she sitting with us then,  
' When will *you* paint like this ? ' and I replied,  
(My words were half in earnest, half in jest,)  
' I is not your work, but I ove's Love, unperceived,  
A more ideal Artist he than all,  
Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes  
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair  
More black than ashbuds in the front of March '  
And Juliet answer'd laughing, ' Go and see  
The Gardener's daughter trust me, after that,  
You scarce can fail to match his masterpiece '  
And up we rose, and on the spur we went

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite  
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love  
News from the humming city comes to it  
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells ,  
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear  
The windy clanging of the minster clock ,  
Although between it and the garden lies  
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,  
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,  
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,

Barge laden, to three arches of a bridge  
Crown'd with the minster towers

The fields between

Are dewy fresh, browsed by deep udder'd kine  
And all about the huge lime feathers low,  
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings

In that still place she, hoarded in herself,  
Grew, seldom seen, not less among us lived  
Her fame from lip to lip Who had not heard  
Of Rose, the Gardener's daughter? Where was he,  
So blunt in memory, so old at heart,  
At such a distance from his youth in grief,  
That, having seen, forgot? The common mouth,  
So gross to express delight, in praise of her  
Grew oratory Such a lord is Love,  
And Beauty such a mistress of the world

And if I said that Fancy, led by Love,  
Would play with flying forms and images,  
Yet this is also true, that, long before  
I look'd upon her, when I heard her name  
My heart was like a prophet to my heart,  
And told me I should love A crowd of hopes,  
That sought to sow themselves like winged seeds,  
Born out of everything I heard and saw,  
Flutter'd about my senses and my soul,



And vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm  
To one that travels quickly, made the air  
Of life delicious, and all kinds of thought,  
That verged upon them, sweeter than the dream  
Dream'd by a happy man, when the dark East,  
Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn

And sure this orbit of the memory folds  
For ever in itself the day we went  
To see her All the land in flowery squares,  
Beneath a broad and equal blowing wind,  
Smelt of the coming summer, as one large cloud  
Drew downward but all else of heaven was pure  
Up to the Sun, and May from verge to verge,  
And May with me from head to heel And now,  
As tho' 'twere yesterday, as tho' it were  
The hour just flown, that morn with all its sound,  
(For those old Mays had thrice the life of these,)  
Rings in mine ears The steer forgot to graze,  
And, where the hedge row cuts the pathway, stood,  
Leaning his horns into the neighbour field,  
And lowing to his fellows From the woods  
Came voices of the well-contented doves  
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,  
But shook his song together as he near'd  
His happy home, the ground To left and right,  
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills,

The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm ,  
The redcap whistled , and the nightingale  
Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day

And Eustace turn'd, and smiling said to me,  
'Hear how the bushes echo ' by my life,  
These birds have joyful thoughts I think you they  
sing

Like poets, from the vanity of song ?  
Or have they any sense of why they sing ?  
And would they praise the heavens for what they  
have ?'

And I made answer, ' Were there nothing else  
For which to praise the heavens but only love,  
That only love were cause enough for praise '

Lightly he laugh'd, as one that read my  
thought,

And on we went , but ere an hour had pass'd,  
We reach'd a meadow slanting to the North ,  
Down which a well worn pathway courted us  
To one green wicket in a privet hedge ,  
This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk  
I thro' crowded lilac ambush trimly pruned ,  
And one warm gust, full fed with perfume, blew  
Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool

The garden stretches southward    In the midst  
A cedar spread his dark green layers of shade  
The garden glasses glanced, and momentarily  
The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver lights

‘Eustace,’ I said, ‘this wonder keeps the house’  
He nodded, but a moment afterwards  
He cried, ‘Look! look!’    Before he ceased I  
                  turn’d,  
And, ere a star can wink, beheld her there

For up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,  
That, flowering high, the last night’s gale had  
                  caught,  
And blown across the walk    One arm aloft—  
Gown’d in pure white, that fitted to the shape—  
Holding the bush to fix it back, she stood,  
A single stream of all her soft brown hair  
Pour’d on one side    the shadow of the flowers  
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering  
I ovingly lower, trembled on her waist—  
Ah, happy shade—and still went wavering down,  
But, ere it touch’d a foot, that might have danced  
The greensward into greener circles, dipt,  
And mix’d with shadows of the common ground’  
But the full day dwelt on her brows and sunn’d

Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe bloom  
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,  
And on the bounteous wave of such a breast  
As never pencil drew    Half light, half shade  
She stood a sight to make an old man young

So rapt, we near'd the house    but she, a Rose  
In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil,  
Nor heard us come, nor from her tendence turn'd  
Into the world without, till close at hand,  
And almost ere I knew mine own intent,  
His murmur broke the stillness of that air  
Which brooded round about her

‘ Ah, one rose,

One rose, but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,  
Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips  
Less exquisite than thine ’

She look'd    but all  
Suffused with blushes—neither self possess'd  
Nor startled, but betwixt this mood and that,  
Divided in a graceful quiet—paused,  
And dropt the branch she held, and turning, wound  
Her looser hair in braid, and stirr'd her lips  
For some sweet answer, tho' no answer came,  
Nor yet refused the rose, but granted it,  
And moved away, and left me, statue like,  
In act to render thanks

I, that whole day,  
Saw her no more, altho I linger'd there  
Till every dusy slept, and Love's white stai  
Beam'd thro' the thicken'd cedar in the dusk

So home we went, and all the livelong way  
With solemn gibe did Eustace banter me  
'Now,' said he, 'will you climb the top of Art  
You cannot fail but work in hues to dim  
The Titanic Flora Will you match  
My Juliet? you, not you,—the Master, Love,  
A more ideal Artist he than all'

So home I went, but could not sleep for joy,  
Reading her perfect features in the gloom,  
Kissing the rose she gave me o'er and o'er,  
And shaping faithful record of the glance  
That graced the giving—such a noise of life  
Swarm'd in the golden present, such a voice  
Call'd to me from the years to come, and such  
A length of bright horizon rimm'd the dark  
And all that night I heard the watchman peal  
The sliding season all that night I heard  
The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy hours  
The drowsy hours, dispensers of all good,  
O'er the mute city stole with folded wings,

Distilling odours on me as they went  
To greet their fairer sisters of the East

Love at first sight, first born, and hen to all,  
Made this night thus    Henceforward squall nor  
   storm

Could keep me from that Eden where she dwelt  
Light pretexts drew me, sometimes a Dutch love  
For tulips, then for roses, moss or musk,  
To grace my city rooms, or fruits and cream  
Served in the weeping elm, and more and more  
A word could bring the colour to my cheek,  
A thought would fill my eyes with happy dew,  
Love troubled life within me, and with each  
The year increased

The daughters of the year,  
One after one, thro' that still garden pass'd,  
Each garlanded with her peculiar flower  
Danced into light, and died into the shade  
And each in passing touch'd with some new  
grace

Or seem'd to touch her, so that day by day,  
Like one that never can be wholly known,  
Her beauty grew, till Autumn brought an hour  
For Fustace, when I heard his deep 'I will,'  
Breathed, like the covenant of a God, to hold  
From thence thro' all the worlds but I rose up

Full of his bliss, and following her dark eyes  
Felt earth as air beneath me, till I reach'd  
The wicket gate, and found her standing there

There sat we down upon a garden mound,  
Two mutually enfolded, Love, the third,  
Between us, in the circle of his arms  
Enwound us both, and over many a range  
Of wining lime the gray cathedral towers,  
Across a hazy glimmer of the west,  
Reveal'd their shining windows from them dash'd  
The bells, we listen'd, with the time we play'd,  
We spoke of other things, we coursed about  
The subject most at heart, more near and near,  
Like doves about a dovecote, wheeling round  
The central wish, until we settled there

Then, in that time and place, I spoke to her,  
Requiring, tho I knew it was mine own,  
Yet for the pleasure that I took to hear,  
Requiring at her hand the greatest gift,  
A woman's heart, the heart of her I loved,  
And in that time and place she answer'd me,  
And in the compass of three little words,  
More musical than ever came in one,  
The silver fragments of a broken voice,  
Made me most happy, faltering, 'I am thine

Shall I cease here? Is this enough to say  
That my desire, like all strongest hopes,  
By its own energy fulfill'd itself,  
Merged in completion? Would you learn at full  
How passion rose thro' circumstantial grades  
Beyond all grades develop'd? and indeed  
I had not stud so long to tell you all,  
But while I mused came Memory with sad eyes,  
Holding the folded annals of my youth,  
And while I mused, I owe with knit brows went by,  
And with a flying finger swept my lips,  
And spake, 'Be wise not easily forgiven  
Are those, who setting wide the doors that bar  
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,  
Let in the day' Here, then, my words have end

Yet might I tell of meetings, of farewells—  
Of that which came between, more sweet than each,  
In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves  
That tremble round a nightingale—in sighs  
Which perfect Joy, perplex'd for utterance,  
Stole from her sister Sorrow Might I not tell  
Of difference, reconciliation, pledges given,  
And vows, where there was never need of vows,  
And kisses, where the heart on one wild leap  
Hung tranced from all pulsation, as above  
The heavens between their fairy fleeces pale



Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting stars ,  
Or while the balmy glooming, crescent lit,  
Spread the light haze along the river shores,  
And in the hollows , or as once we met  
Unheedful, tho' beneath a whispering rain  
Night slid down one long stream of sighing wind,  
And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep

But this whole hour your eyes have been intent  
On that veil'd picture—veil'd, for what it holds  
May not be dwelt on by the common day  
This prelude has prepared thee    Raise thy soul ,  
Make thine heart ready with thine eyes    the time  
Is come to raise the veil

Behold her there,  
As I beheld her ere she knew my heart,  
My first, last love , the idol of my youth,  
The darling of my manhood, and, alas !  
Now the most blessed memory of mine age

## DORA

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode  
William and Dora. William was his son,  
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,  
And often thought, 'I'll make them man and wife.'  
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,  
And yearn'd toward William, but the youth, because  
He had been always with her in the house,  
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day  
When Allan call'd his son, and said, 'My son  
I married late, but I would wish to see  
My grandchild on my knees before I die  
And I have set my heart upon a match  
Now therefore look to Dora she is well  
To look to, thrifty too beyond her age  
She is my brother's daughter he and I  
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died  
In foreign lands, but for his sake I bred  
His daughter Dora take her for your wife,  
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,

For many years ' But William answer'd short ,  
' I cannot marry Dora , by my life,  
I will not marry Dora ' Then the old man  
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said  
' You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !  
But in my time a father's word was law,  
And so it shall be now for me I look to it ,  
Consider, William take a month to think,  
And let me have an answer to my wish ,  
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack  
And never more darken my doors again '   
But William answer'd madly , bit his lips,  
And broke away The more he look'd at her  
The less he liked her , and his ways were harsh ,  
But Dora bore them meekly Then before  
The month was out he left his father's house,  
And hired himself to work within the fields ,  
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed  
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd  
His niece and said ' My girl, I love you well ,  
But if you speak with him that was my son,  
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,  
My home is none of yours My will is law '   
And Dora promised, being meek She thought,  
' It cannot be my uncle's mind will change ! '

And days went on, and there was born a boy  
To William, then distresses came on him,  
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,  
Heart broken, and his father help'd him not  
But Dora stored what little she could save,  
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know  
Who sent it, till at last a fever seized  
On William, and in harvest time he died

Then Dora went to Mary    Mary sat  
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought  
Hard things of Dora    Dora came and said

I have obey'd my uncle until now,  
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me  
This evil came on William at the first  
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,  
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,  
And for this orphan, I am come to you  
You know there has not been for these five years  
So full a harvest    let me take the boy,  
And I will set him in my uncle's eye  
Among the wheat, that when his heart is glad  
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,  
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone

And Dora took the child, and went her way  
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound

That was unsown, where many poppies grew  
Far off the farmer came into the field  
And spied her not, for none of all his men  
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child  
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,  
But her heart fail'd her, and the reapers reaped,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark

But when the morrow came, she rose and took  
The child once more, and sat upon the mound,  
And made a little wreath of all the flowers  
That grew about, and tied it round his hat  
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye  
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field  
He spied her, and he left his men at work,  
And came and said 'Where were you yesterday?  
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?'  
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,  
And answer'd softly, 'This is William's child.'  
'And did I not,' said Allan, 'did I not  
Forbid you, Dora?' Dora said again  
'Do with me as you will, but take the child,  
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone.'  
And Allan said, 'I see it is a trick  
Got up betwixt you and the woman there  
I must be taught my duty, and by you'  
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared

To slight it    Well—for I will take the boy,  
But go you hence, and never see me more

So saying, he took the boy that cried aloud  
And struggled hard    The wreath of flowers fell  
At Dora's feet    She bow'd upon her hands,  
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,  
More and more distant    She bow'd down her head,  
Remembering the day when first she came,  
And all the things that had been    She bow'd down  
And wept in secret, and the reapers reap'd,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood  
Upon the threshold    Mary saw the boy  
Was not with Dora    She broke out in praise  
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood  
And Dora said, 'My uncle took the boy,  
But, Mary, let me live and work with you  
He says that he will never see me more'  
Then answer'd Mary, 'This shall never be,  
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself  
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,  
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight  
His mother, therefore thou and I will go,  
And I will have my boy, and bring him home,  
And I will beg of him to take thee back

But if he will not take thee back again,  
Then thou and I will live within one house,  
And work for William's child, until he grows  
Of age to help us '

So the women kiss'd  
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm  
The door was off the latch they peep'd, and saw  
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,  
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,  
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,  
Like one that loved him and the lad stretch'd out  
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung  
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire  
Then they came in but when the boy beheld  
His mother, he cried out to come to her  
And Allan set him down, and Mary said

'O Father - if you let me call you so—  
I never came a begging for myself,  
Or William, or this child but now I come  
For Dora take her back she loves you well  
O Sir, when William died he died at peace  
With all men, for I ask'd him, and he said,  
He could not ever rue his marrying me—  
I had been a patient wife but, Sir, he said  
That he was wrong to cross his father thus  
"God bless him!" he said, "and may he never know

The troubles I have gone thro' ' ' " Then he turn'd  
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am '  
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you  
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight  
His father's memory, and take Dora back,  
And let all this be as it was before '

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face  
By Mary—There was silence in the room,  
And all at once the old man burst in sobs—

'I have been to blame—to blame—I have kill'd  
my son  
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son  
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame  
Kiss me, my children '

Then they clung about  
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times  
And all the man was broken with remorse,  
And all his love came back a hundredfold,  
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child  
Thinking of William

So those four abode  
Within one house together, and as years  
Went forward, Mary took another mate;  
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.



## AUDLEY COURT

THE Bull, the Fleece are cramm'd, and not a room  
For love or money I let us picnic there  
At Audley Court'

I spoke, while Audley feist  
Humm'd like a hive all round the narrow quay,  
To Francis, with a basket on his arm,  
To Francis just alighted from the boat,  
And breathing of the sea 'With all my heart'  
Said Francis Then we shoulder'd thro' the swarm,  
And rounded by the stillness of the beach  
To where the bay runs up its latest horn

We left the dying ebb that faintly lipp'd  
The flat red granite, so by many a sweep  
Of meadow smooth from aftermath we reach'd  
The griffin guarded gates, and pass'd thro' all  
The pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores,  
And cross'd the garden to the gardener's lodge,  
With all its casements bedded, and its walls  
And chimneys muffled in the leafy vine

There, on a slope of orchard, Francis laid  
A damask napkin wrought with horse and hound  
Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of home,  
And, half-cut down, a pasty costly made,  
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay,  
Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks  
Imbedded and injellied, list, with these,  
A flask of cider from his father's vats,  
Prime, which I knew, and so we sat and eat  
And talk'd old matters over, who was dead,  
Who married, who was like to be, and how  
The races went, and who would rent the hall  
Then touch'd upon the game, how scarce it was  
This season, glancing thence, discuss'd the fun,  
The four field system, and the price of grain  
And struck upon the corn laws, where we split  
And came again together on the king  
With heated faces, till he laugh'd aloud,  
And, while the blackbird on the pippin hung  
To hear him, clapt his hand in mine and sang—

‘Oh! who would fight and march and countermarch,  
Be shot for sixpence in a battle-field,  
And shovell'd up into some bloody trench  
Where no one knows? but let me live my life

‘Oh! who would cast and balance at a desk,  
Perch'd like a crow upon a three legg'd stool,

Till all his juice is dried, and all his joints  
Are full of chalk? but let me live my life

‘Who’d serve the state? for if I carved my name  
Upon the cliffs that guard my native land,  
I might as well have traced it in the sands,  
The sea wastes all but let me live my life

‘Oh! who would love? I woo’d a woman once,  
But she was sharper than an eastern wind,  
And all my heart turn’d from her, as a thorn  
Turns from the sea, but let me live my life’

He sang his song, and I replied with mine  
I found it in a volume, all of songs,  
Knock’d down to me, when old Sir Robert’s pride,  
His books—the more the pity, so I said—  
Came to the hammer here in March—and this—  
I set the words, and added names I knew

‘Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, sleep, and dream of me  
Sleep, Ellen, folded in thy sister’s arm,  
And sleeping, haply dream her arm is mine

‘Sleep, Ellen, folded in Emilia’s arm,  
Emilia, fairer than all else but thou,  
For thou art fairer than all else that is

‘Sleep, breathing health and peace upon her breast  
Sleep, breathing love and trust against her lip  
I go to night I come to morrow morn

‘I go, but I return I would I were  
The pilot of the darkness and the dream  
Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, love, and dream of me’

So sing we each to each, Francis Hale,  
The farmer's son, who lived across the bay,  
My friend and I, that having wherewithal,  
And in the fallow leisure of my life  
A rolling stone of here and everywhere,  
Did what I would, but ere the night we rose  
And saunter'd home beneath a moon, that, just  
In crescent, dimly rain'd about the leaf  
Twilights of airy silver, till we reach'd  
The limit of the hills, and as we sank  
From rock to rock upon the glooming quay,  
The town was hush'd beneath us lower down  
The bay was oily calm, the harbour buoy,  
Sole star of phosphorescence in the calm,  
With one green sparkle ever and anon  
Dipt by itself, and we were glad at heart



That veil'd the world with jaundice, hid his face  
 From all men, and commercing with himself,  
 He lost the sense that handles daily life—  
 That keeps us all in order more or less—  
 And sick of home went overseas for change

*John* And whither?

*James* Nay, who knows? he's here and there  
 But let him go, his devil goes with him,  
 As well as with his tenant, Jocky Dawes

*John* What's that?

*James* You saw the man—on Monday, was it?—  
 I here by the humpback'd willow, half stands up  
 And bristles, half has fall'n and made a bridge  
 And there he caught the youngster tickling trout—  
 Caught *in flagrante*—what's the Latin word?—  
*Delicto* but his house, for so they say,  
 Was haunted with a jolly ghost, that shook  
 The curtains, whined in lobbies, tapped at doors,  
 And rummaged like a rat no servant stay'd  
 The farmer next packs up his beds and chairs,  
 And all his household stuff, and with his boy  
 Betwixt his knees his wife upon the tilt,  
 Sets out, and meets a friend who hails him, 'What!  
 You're flitting!' 'Yes, we're flitting,' says the ghost  
 (For they had pack'd the thing among the beds)  
 'Oh well,' says he, 'you flitting with us too—  
 Jack, turn the horses' heads and home again'

*John* He left *his* wife behind, for so I heard

*James* He left her, yes I met my lady once  
A woman like a butt, and harsh as crabs

*John* Oh yet but I remember, ten years back—  
’Tis now at least ten years—and then she was—

You could not light upon a sweeter thing

A body slight and round, and like a pear

In growing, modest eyes, a hand, a foot

Lessening in perfect cadence, and a skin

As clean and white as privet when it flowers

*James* Ay, ay, the blossom fades, and they that  
loved

At first like dove and dove were cat and dog

She was the daughter of a cottager,

Out of her sphere What betwixt shame and pride,

New things and old, himself and her, she sour’d

To what she is a nature never kind !

Like men, like manners like breeds like, they  
say

Kind nature is the best those manners next

That fit us like a nature second hand,

Which are indeed the manners of the great

*John* But I had heard it was this bill that past,  
And fear of change at home, that drove him hence

*James* That was the last drop in the cup of gall  
I once was near him, when his bailiff brought

A Chartist pike You should have seen him wincc

As from a venomous thing he thought himself  
A mark for all, and shudder'd, lest a cry  
Should break his sleep by night, and his nice eyes  
Should see the raw mechanic's bloody thumbs  
Sweat on his blazon'd chairs, but, sir, you know  
That these two parties still divide the world —  
Of those that want, and those that have — and still  
The same old sore breaks out from age to age  
With much the same result Now I myself,  
A Tory to the quick, was as a boy  
Destructive, when I had not what I would  
I was at school—a college in the South  
There lived a flyflint near, we stole his fruit,  
His hens, his eggs, but there was law for *us*,  
We paid in person He had a sow, sir She,  
With meditative grunts of much content,  
Lay great with pig, wallowing in sun and mud  
By night we dragg'd her to the college tower  
From her warm bed, and up the corkscrew stair  
With hand and rope we haled the groaning sow,  
And on the leads we kept her till she pigg'd  
Large range of prospect had the mother sow,  
And but for daily loss of one she loved  
As one by one we took them—but for this—  
As never sow was higher in this world—  
Might have been happy but what lot is pure?  
We took them all, till she was left alone



Upon her tower, the Niobe of swine,  
And so return'd unfurrow'd to her sty

*John* They found you out?

*James* Not they

*John* Well—after all—

What know we of the secret of a man?

His nerves were wrong What ails us, who are sound,

That we should mimic this raw fool the world,

Which charts us all in its coarse blacks or whites,

As ruthless as a baby with a worm,

As cruel as a schoolboy ere he grows

To Pity—more from ignorance than will

But put your best foot forward, or I fear  
That we shall miss the mail and here it comes  
With five at top as quaint a four in hand  
As you shall see—three pyebalds and a roan

## EDWIN MORRIS,

### OR, THE LAKE

O ME, my pleasant rambles by the lake,  
My sweet, wild, fresh three quarters of a year,  
My one Oasis in the dust and drouth  
Of city life ! I was a sketcher then  
See here, my doing curves of mountain, bridge,  
Boat, island, ruins of a castle, built  
When men knew how to build, upon a rock  
With turrets lichen gilded like a rock  
And here, new comers in an ancient hold,  
New comers from the Mersey, millionaires,  
Here lived the Hills— a Tudor chimnied bulk  
Of mellow brickwork on an isle of bowers

O me, my pleasant rambles by the lake  
With Edwin Morris and with Edward Bull  
The curate, he was fatter than his cure

But Edwin Morris, he that knew the names,  
 I ong learned names of agaric, moss and fern,  
 Who forged a thousand theories of the rocks,  
 Who taught me how to skate, to row, to swim,  
 Who read me rhymes elaborately good,  
 His own—I call'd him Crichton, for he seem'd  
 All perfect, finish'd to the finger nail

And once I ask'd him of his early life,  
 And his first passion , and he answer'd me ,  
 And well his words became him was he not  
 A full-cell'd honeycomb of eloquence  
 Stored from all flowers? Poet like he spoke

' My love for Nature is as old as I ,  
 But thirty moons, one honeymoon to that,  
 And three rich sennights more, my love for her  
 My love for Nature and my love for her,  
 Of different ages, like twin sisters grew,  
 Twin sisters differently beautiful  
 To some full music rose and sank the sun,  
 And some full music seem'd to move and change  
 With all the varied changes of the dark,  
 And either twilight and the day between ,  
 For daily hope fulfill'd, to rise again  
 Revolving toward fulfilment, made it sweet  
 To walk, to sit, to sleep, to wake, to breathe '

Or this or something like to this he spoke  
Then said the fat faced curate Edward Bull,

‘I take it, God made the woman for the man,  
And for the good and increase of the world  
A pretty face is well, and this is well,  
To have a dame indoors, that trims us up,  
And keeps us tight, but these unreal ways  
Seem but the theme of writers, and indeed  
Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff  
I say, God made the woman for the man,  
And for the good and increase of the world’

‘Parson,’ said I, ‘you pitch the pipe too low  
But I have sudden touches, and can run  
My faith beyond my practice into his  
Tho’ if, in dancing after Letty Hill,  
I do not hear the bells upon my cap,  
I scarce have other music yet say on  
What should one give to light on such a dream?’  
I ask’d him half sardonically

‘Give?’

Give all thou art,’ he answer’d, and a light  
Of laughter dimpled in his swarthy cheek,  
‘I would have hid her needle in my heart,  
To save her little finger from a scratch  
No deeper than the skin my ears could hear

Her lightest breath, her least remark was worth  
 The experience of the wise I went and came,  
 Her voice fled always thro' the summer land,  
 I spoke her name alone Thrice happy days!  
 The flower of each, those moments when we met,  
 The crown of all, we met to part no more'

Were not his words delicious, I a beast  
 To take them as I did? but something jar'd  
 Whether he spoke too largely, that there seem'd  
 A touch of something false, some self conceit,  
 Or over smoothness howsoe'er it was,  
 He scarcely hit my humour, and I said

'Friend Edwin, do not think yourself alone  
 Of all men happy Shall not I owe to me,  
 As in the Latin song I learnt at school,  
 Sneeze out a full God bless you right and left?  
 But you can talk yours is a kindly vein  
 I have, I think,—Heaven knows—as much  
     within,  
 Have, or should have, but for a thought or two,  
 That like a purple beech among the greens  
 Looks out of place 'tis from no want in her  
 It is my shyness or my self distrust,  
 Or something of a wayward modern mind  
 Dissecting passion Time will set me right'

So spoke I knowing not the things that were  
 Then said the fat faced curate, Edward Bull  
 'God made the woman for the use of man,  
 And for the good and increase of the world'  
 And I and Edwin laughed and now we  
 paused

About the windings of the marge to hear  
 The soft wind blowing over meadowy holms  
 And alders, garden isles, and now we left  
 The clerk behind us, I and he, and ran  
 By ripply shallows of the lipping lake,  
 Delighted with the freshness and the sound

But, when the bracken rusted on their crags,  
 My suit had wither'd, nipt to death by him  
 That was a God, and is a lawyer's clerk,  
 The rentroll Cupid of our rainy isles  
 'Tis true, we met, one hour I had, no more  
 She sent a note, the seal an *Elle vous suit*,  
 The close, 'Your Letty, only yours,' and this  
 I thrice underscored The friendly mist of morn  
 Clung to the lake I boated over, ran  
 My craft aground, and heard with beating heart  
 The Sweet Gale rustle round the shelving keel,  
 And out I stept, and up I crept she moved,  
 Like Proserpine in Enna, gathering flowers  
 Then low and sweet I whistled thrice, and she,

She turn'd, we closed, we kiss'd, swore faith,  
breathed

In some new planet a silent cousin stole  
Upon us and departed 'Leave,' she cried,  
'O leave me !' 'Never, dearest, never here  
I brave the worst ' and while we stood like fools  
Embracing, all at once a score of pugs  
And poodles yell'd within, and out they came  
Trustees and Aunts and Uncles 'What, with  
him !

Go' (shrill'd the cotton spinning chorus), 'him !'  
I choked Again they shriek'd the burthen—'Him !'  
Again with hands of wild rejection 'Go !—  
Girl, get you in !' She went—and in one month  
They wedded her to sixty thousand pounds,  
To lands in Kent and messuages in York,  
And slight Sir Robert with his watery smile  
And educated whisker But for me,  
They set an ancient creditor to work  
It seems I broke a close with force and arms  
There came a mystic token from the king  
To greet the sheriff, needless courtesy !  
I read, and fled by night, and flying turn'd  
Her taper glimmer'd in the lake below  
I turn'd once more, close button'd to the storm,  
So left the place, left Edwin nor have seen  
Him since, nor heard of her, nor cared to hear

Not cared to hear? perhaps yet long ago  
I have pardon'd little Letty, not indeed,  
It may be, for her own dear sake but this,  
She seems a part of those fresh days to me,  
For in the dust and drouth of London life  
She moves among my visions of the lake,  
While the prime swallow dips his wing, or then  
While the gold lily blows, and overhead  
The light cloud smoulders on the summer crag



## ST SIMEON STYLITES

ALTHO' I be the basest of mankind,  
From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,  
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet  
For troops of devils, mad with blasphemy,  
I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold  
Of saintdom, and to clamour, mourn and sob,  
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer,  
Have mercy, Lord, and take away my sin

Let this avail, just, dreadful, mighty God,  
This not be all in vain, that thrice ten years,  
Thrice multiplied by superhuman pangs,  
In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and cold,  
In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous throes and  
    cramps,  
A sign betwixt the meadow and the cloud,  
Patient on this tall pillar I have borne  
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and  
    snow,

And I had hoped that ere this period closed  
 Thou wouldst have caught me up into thy rest,  
 Denying not these weather beaten limbs  
 The meed of saints, the white robe and the palm

O take the meaning, I ord I do not breathe,  
 Not whisper, any murmur of complaint  
 Pain heap'd ten hundred fold to this, were still  
 Less burthen, by ten hundred fold, to bear,  
 Than were those lead like tons of sin that crush'd  
 My spirit flat before thee

O Lord, Lord,  
 Thou knowest I bore this better at the first,  
 For I was strong and hale of body then ,  
 And tho' my teeth, which now are dropt away,  
 Would chatter with the cold, and all my beard  
 Was tagg'd with icy fringes in the moon,  
 I drown'd the whoopings of the owl with sound  
 Of pious hymns and psalms, and sometimes saw  
 An angel stand and watch me, as I sang  
 Now am I feeble grown , my end draws nigh ,  
 I hope my end draws nigh half deaf I am,  
 So that I scarce can hear the people hum  
 About the column's base, and almost blind,  
 And scarce can recognise the fields I know ,  
 And both my thighs are rotted with the dew ,  
 Yet cease I not to clamour and to cry,

While my stiff spine can hold my weary head,  
Till all my limbs drop piecemeal from the stone,  
Have mercy, mercy take away my sin

O Jesus, if thou wilt not save my soul,  
Who may be saved ? who is it may be saved ?  
Who may be made a saint, if I fail here ?  
Show me the man hath suffer'd more than I  
For did not all thy martyrs die one death ?  
For either they were stoned, or crucified,  
Or burn'd in fire, or boil'd in oil, or sawn  
In twain beneath the ribs, but I die here  
To day, and whole years long, a life of death  
Bear witness, if I could have found a way  
(And heedfully I sifted all my thought)  
More slowly painful to subdue this home  
Of sin, my flesh, which I despise and hate,  
I had not stinted practice, O my God

For not alone this pillar punishment,  
Not this alone I bore but while I lived  
In the white convent down the valley there,  
For many weeks about my loins I wore  
The rope that haled the buckets from the well,  
Twisted as tight as I could knot the noose,  
And spake not of it to a single soul,  
Until the ulcer, eating thro' my skin,

Betray'd my secret penance, so that all  
My brethren marvell'd greatly More than thi  
I bore, whereof, O God, thou knowest all

Three winters, that my soul might grow to thee,  
I lived up there on yonder mountain side  
My right leg chain'd into the crag, I lay  
Pent in a roofless close of ragged stones,  
Inswathed sometimes in wandering mist, and twice  
Black'd with thy branding thunder, and sometimes  
Sucking the damps for drink, and eating not,  
Except the spare chance gift of those that came  
To touch my body and be heal'd, and live  
And they say then that I work'd miracles,  
Whereof my fame is loud amongst mankind,  
Cured lameness, palsies, cancers Thou, O God,  
Knowest alone whether this was or no  
Have mercy, mercy ! cover all my sin

Then, that I might be more alone with thee,  
Three years I lived upon a pillar, high  
Six cubits, and three years on one of twelve,  
And twice three years I crouch'd on one that  
rose

Twenty by measure, last of all, I grew  
Twice ten long weary weary years to this,  
That numbers forty cubits from the soil

I think that I have borne as much as this—  
Or else I dream—and for so long a time,  
If I may measure time by yon slow light,  
And this high dial, which my sorrow crowns—  
So much—even so

And yet I know not well,  
For that the evil ones come here, and say,  
'Fall down, O Simeon thou hast suffer'd long  
For ages and for ages !' then they prate  
Of penances I cannot have gone thro',  
Perplexing me with lies , and oft I fall,  
Maybe for months, in such blind lethargies  
That Heaven, and Earth, and Time are choked

But yet

Bethink thee, Lord, while thou and all the saints  
Enjoy themselves in heaven, and men on earth  
House in the shade of comfortable roofs,  
Sit with their wives by fires, eat wholesome food,  
And wear warm clothes, and even beasts have stalls,  
I, 'tween the spring and downfall of the light,  
Bow down one thousand and two hundred times,  
To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the saints ,  
Or in the night, after a little sleep,  
I wake the chill stars sparkle , I am wet  
With drenching dews, or stiff with crackling frost  
I wear an undress'd goatskin on my back ,  
A grazing iron collar grinds my neck ,

And in my weak, lein arms I lift the cross,  
 And strive and wrestle with thee till I die  
 O mercy, mercy ' wash away my sin

O Lord, thou knowest what a man I am ,  
 A sinful man, conceived and born in sin  
 'Tis their own doing , this is none of mine ,  
 I ay it not to me Am I to blame for this  
 I hat here come those that worship me ? Ha ! ha !  
 I hey think that I am somewhat What am I ?  
 The silly people take me for a saint,  
 And bring me offerings of fruit and flowers  
 And I, in truth (thou wilt bear witness here)  
 Have all in all endured as much, and more  
 Than many just and holy men, whose names  
 Are register'd and calend'r'd for saints

Good people, you do ill to kneel to me  
 What is it I can have done to merit this ?  
 I am a sinner viler than you all  
 It may be I have wrought some miracles,  
 And cured some halt and maim'd, but what of  
     that ?  
 It may be, no one, even among the saints,  
 May match his pains with mine , but what of  
     that ?  
 Yet do not rise, for you may look on me,

And in your looking you may kneel to God  
 Speak ! is there any of you halt or maim'd ?  
 I think you know I have some power with Heaven  
 From my long penance let him speak his wish

Yes, I can heal him Power goes forth from me  
 They say that they are heal'd Ah, hark ! they  
 shout

'St Simeon Stylites' Why, if so,  
 God reaps a harvest in me O my soul,  
 God reaps a harvest in thee If this be,  
 Can I work miracles and not be saved ?  
 This is not told of any They were saints  
 It cannot be but that I shall be saved,  
 Yea, crown'd a saint They shout, 'Behold a  
 saint !'

And lower voices saint me from above  
 Courage, St Simeon ! This dull chrysalis  
 Cracks into shining wings, and hope ere death  
 Spreads more and more and more, that God hath  
 now

Sponged and made blank of crimeful record all  
 My mortal archives

O my sons, my sons,  
 I, Simeon of the pillar, by surname  
 Stylites, among men, I, Simeon,  
 The watcher on the column till the end,

I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine bakes,  
I, whose bald brows in silent hours become  
Unnaturally hoar with rime, do now  
From my high nest of penance here proclaim  
That Pontius and Iscariot by my side  
Show'd like fair seraphs    On the coals I lay,  
A vessel full of sin    all hell beneath  
Made me boil over    Devils pluck'd my sleeve,  
Abaddon and Asmodeus caught it me  
I smote them with the cross, they swarm'd again  
In bed like monstrous apes they crush'd my  
          chest  
They flapp'd my light out as I read    I saw  
Their faces grow between me and my book,  
With colt like whinny and with hoggish whine  
They burst my prayer    Yet this way was left,  
And by this way I 'scaped them    Mortify  
Your flesh, like me, with scourges and with thorns,  
Smite, shrink not, spare not    If it may be, fast  
Whole I ents, and pray    I hardly, with slow steps,  
With slow, furt steps, and much exceeding pain,  
Have scrambled past those pits of fire, that still  
Sing in mine ears    But yield not me the praise  
God only thro' his bounty hath thought fit,  
Among the powers and princes of this world,  
To make me an example to mankind,  
Which few can reach to    Yet I do not say



But that a time may come—yea, even now,  
 Now, now, his footsteps smite the threshold stairs  
 Of life—I say, that time is at the doors  
 When you may worship me without reproach,  
 For I will leave my relics in your land,  
 And you may carve a shrine about my dust,  
 And burn a fragrant lamp before my bones,  
 When I am gather'd to the glorious saints

While I spake then, a sting of shrewdest pain  
 Ran shrivelling thro' me, and a cloudlike change,  
 In passing, with a grosser film made thick  
 These heavy, horny eyes    The end ! the end !  
 Surely the end !    What's here ? a shape, a shade,  
 A flash of light    Is that the angel there  
 That holds a crown ?    Come, blessed brother, come  
 I know thy glittering face    I waited long,  
 My brows are ready    What ! deny it now ?  
 Nay, draw, draw, draw nigh    So I clutch it  
                   Christ !

'Tis gone    'tis here again, the crown ! the crown !  
 So now 'tis fitted on and grows to me,  
 And from it melt the dews of Paradise,  
 Sweet ! sweet ! ~~spikenard~~ <sup>cedar</sup>, and balm, and frankin  
                   cense

Ah ! let me not be fool'd, sweet saints    I trust  
 That I am whole, and clean, and meet for Heaven

Speak, if there be a priest, a man of God,  
Among you there, and let him presently  
Approach, and lean a ladder on the shaft,  
And climbing up into my airy home,  
Deliver me the blessed sacrament,  
For by the warning of the Holy Ghost,  
I prophesy that I shall die to night,  
A quarter before twelve

But thou, O Lord,  
Aid all this foolish people, let them take  
Example, pattern lead them to thy light



## APPENDIX

[On June 6, 1829, the announcement was made that Alfred Tennyson had won the Chancellor's medal at Cambridge for his poem in blank verse on *Timbuctoo*. To win the prize in anything but rhymed heroics was an innovation. His father had desired him to compete, so unwillingly he patched up an old poem on *The Battle of Armageddon*, and came out prizeman. Matthew Arnold told G. L. Craik that when, as a youth, he first read the poem, he prophesied the greatness of Tennyson —ED.]

## TIMBUCTOO

Deep in that lion haunted inland lies  
A mystic city, goal of high emprise

( HAPMAN )

I STOOD upon the Mountain which o'erlooks  
The narrow seas, whose rapid intervals  
Parts Afric from green Europe, when the Sun  
Had fall'n below th' Atlantic, and above  
The silent heavens were blench'd with fiery light,  
Uncertain whether faery light or cloud,  
Flowing Southward, and the chasms of deep, deep blue  
Slumber'd unfathomable, and the stars  
Were flooded over with clear glory and pale  
I gazed upon the sheeny coast beyond,  
There where the Giant of old Time infix'd  
The limits of his prowess, pillars high  
Long time erased from earth even as the Sea  
When weary of wild inroad buildeth up  
Huge mounds whereby to stay his yeasty waves  
And much I mused on legends quaint and old  
Which whilome won the hearts of all on earth  
Toward their brightness, ev'n as flame draws all,  
But had their being in the heart of man  
As air is th' life of flame and thou wert then

A center'd glory circled memory,  
 Divinest Atlantis, whom the waves  
 Have buried deep, and thou of later name,  
 Imperial Eldorado, roof'd with gold  
 Shadows to which, despite all shocks of change,  
 All on set of capricious accident,  
 Men clung with yearning hope which would not die  
 As when in some great city where the walls  
 Shake, and the streets with ghastly faces throng'd,  
 Do utter forth a subterranean voice,  
 Among the inner columns far retired  
 At midnight, in the lone Acropolis,  
 Before the awful Genius of the place  
 Kneels the pale Priestess in deep faith, the while  
 Above her head the weak lamp dips and winks  
 Unto the fearful summoning without  
 Nathless she ever clasps the marble knees,  
 Bathes the cold hands with tears, and gazeth on  
 Those eyes which wear no light but that wherewith  
 Her phantasy informs them

Where are ye,

Thrones of the Western wave, fair Islands green?  
 Where are your moonlight halls, your cedarn glooms,  
 The blossoming abysses of your hills?  
 Your flowering capes, and your gold sandal bays  
 Blown round with happy airs of odorous winds?  
 Where are the infinite ways, which, seraph trod,  
 Wound thro' your great Elysian solitudes  
 Whose lowest deeps were, as with visible love,  
 Fill'd with Divine effulgence, circumfused,  
 Flowing between the clear and polish'd stems,  
 And ever circling round their emerald cones

In coronals and glories, such as gird  
 The unfading foreheads of the Saints in Heaven ?  
 For nothing visible, they say, had birth  
 In that blest ground, but it was play'd about  
 With its peculiar glory Then I raised  
 My voice and cried, " Wide Afric, doth thy Sun  
 Lighten, thy hills enfold a city as fair  
 As those which starr'd the night o' the elder world ?  
 Or is the rumour of thy Timbuctoo  
 A dream as frail as those of ancient time ? "

A curve of whitening, flashing, ebbing light '  
 A rustling of white wings ' the bright descent  
 Of a young Seraph ' and he stood beside me  
 There on the ridge, and look'd into my face  
 With his unutterable, shining orbs  
 So that with hasty motion I did veil  
 My vision with both hands, and saw before me  
 Such colour'd spots as dance athwart the eyes  
 Of those, that gaze upon the noonday Sun  
 Girt with a zone of flashing gold beneath  
 His breast, and compass'd round about his brow  
 With triple arch of everchanging bows,  
 And circled with the glory of living light  
 And alternation of all hues, he stood

" O child of man, why muse you here alone  
 Upon the Mountain, on the dreams of old  
 Which fill'd the earth with passing loveliness,  
 Which flung strange music on the howling winds,  
 And odours rapt from remote Paradise ?  
 Thy sense is clogg'd with dull mortality ,  
 Thy spirit fetter'd with the bond of clay  
 Open thine eyes and see "



I look'd, but not  
Upon his face, for it was wonderful  
With its exceeding brightness, and the light  
Of the great Angel Mind which look'd from out  
The starry glowing of his restless eyes  
I felt my soul grow mighty, and my spirit  
With supernatural excitation bound  
Within me, and my mental eye grew large  
With such a vast circumference of thought,  
That in my vanity I seem'd to stand  
Upon the outward verge and bound alone  
Of full beatitude Each failing sense,  
As with a momentary flash of light,  
Grew thrillingly distinct and keen I saw  
The smallest grain that dappled the dark earth,  
The indistinctest atom in deep air,  
The Moon's white cities, and the opal width  
Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights  
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,  
And the unsounded, undescended depth  
Of her black hollows The clear galaxy  
Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderful,  
Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light,  
Blaze within blaze, in unimagin'd depth  
And harmony of planet girded suns  
And moon encircled planets, wheel in wheel,  
Arch'd the wan sapphire Nay—the hum of men  
Or other things talking in unknown tongues,  
And notes of busy life in distant worlds  
Beat like a far wave on my anxious ear  
A maze of piercing, trackless, thrilling thoughts,  
Involving and embracing each with each,

Rapid as fire, inextricably link'd,  
Expanding momentarily with every sight  
And sound which struck the palpitating sense,  
The issue of strong impulse, hurried through  
The riven rapt brain as when in some large lake  
From pressure of descendant crags, which lapse  
Disjointed, crumbling from their parent slope  
At slender interval, the level calm  
Is ridg'd with restless and increasing spheres  
Which break upon each other, each th' effect  
Of separate impulse but more fleet and strong  
Than its precursor, till the eye in vain  
Amid the wild unrest of swimming shade  
Dappled with hollow and alternate rise  
Of interpenetrated arc, would scan  
Definite round

I know not if I shape  
These things with accurate similitude  
From visible objects, for but dimly now,  
Less vivid than a half forgotten dream,  
The memory of that mental excellence  
Comes o'er me, and it may be I entwine  
The indecision of my present mind  
With its past clearness, yet it seems to me  
As even then the torrent of quick thought  
Absorbed me from the nature of itself  
With its own fleetness Where is he, that borne  
Adown the sloping of an arrowy stream,  
Could link his shallop to the fleeting edge,  
And muse midway with philosophic calm  
Upon the wondrous laws which regulate  
The fierceness of the bounding element?

My thoughts which long had grovell'd in the slime  
 Of this dull world, like dusky worms which house  
 Beneath unshaken waters, but at once  
 Upon some earth awakening day of Spring  
 Do pass from gloom to glory, and aloft  
 Winnow the purple, bearing on both sides  
 Double display of star lit wings which burn  
 In like and fibred with intensest bloom  
 Even so my thoughts, erewhile so low, now felt  
 Unutterable buoyancy and strength  
 To bear them upward through the trackless fields  
 Of undefin'd existence far and free

Then first within the South methought I saw  
 A wilderness of spires, and crystal pile  
 Of rampart upon rampart, dome on dome,  
 Illimitable range of battlement  
 On battlement, and the Imperial height  
 Of canopy o'ercanopied

Behind

In diamond light upsprung the dazzling peaks  
 Of Pyramids, as far surpassing earth's  
 As heaven than earth is fairer Each aloft  
 Upon his narrow'd eminence bore globes  
 Of wheeling suns, or stars, or semblances  
 Of either, showering circular abyss  
 Of radiance But the glory of the place  
 Stood out a pillar'd front of burnish'd gold,  
 Interminably high, if gold it were  
 Or metal more ethereal, and beneath  
 Two doors of blinding brilliance, where no gaze  
 Might rest, stood open, and the eye could scan,  
 Through length of porch and valve and boundless hall,

Part of a throne of fiery flame, wherefrom  
 The snowy skirting of a garment hung,  
 And glimpse of multitudes of multitudes  
 That minister'd around it—if I saw  
 These things distinctly, for my human brain  
 Stagger'd beneath the vision and thick night  
 Came down upon my eyelids, and I fell

With ministering hand he raised me up  
 Then with a mournful and ineffable smile,  
 Which but to look on for a moment fill'd  
 My eyes with irresistible sweet tears,  
 In accents of majestic melody,  
 Like a swoln river's gushings in still night  
 Mingled with floating music, thus he spake

“There is no mightier Spirit than I to sway  
 The heart of man and teach him to attain  
 By shadowing forth the Unattainable,  
 And step by step to scale that mighty stair  
 Whose landing place is wrapt about with clouds  
 Of glory, of heaven<sup>1</sup> With earliest light of Spring,  
 And in the glow of fallow Summertime,  
 And in red Autumn when the winds are wild  
 With gambols, and when full voiced Winter roofs  
 The headland with inviolate white snow,  
 I play about his heart a thousand ways,  
 Visit his eyes with visions, and his ears  
 With harmonies of wind and wave and wood,  
 —Of winds which tell of waters, and of waters  
 Betraying the close kisses of the wind —  
 And win him unto me and few there be  
 So gross of heart who have not felt and known

<sup>1</sup> Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect

A higher than they see    They with dim eyes  
Behold me darkling    Lo ' I have given thee  
To understand my presence, and to feel  
My fulness , I have fill'd thy lips with power  
I have raised thee higher to the spheres of heaven  
Mine & first, last home    and thou with ravish'd sense  
Listenest the lordly music flowing from  
Th' illimitable years    I am the Spirit,  
The permeating life which courseth through  
All th' intricate and labyrinthine veins  
Of the great vine of Fable, which, outspread  
With growth of shadowing leaf and clusters rare,  
Reacheth to every corner under heaven,  
Deep rooted in the living soil of truth ,  
So that men's hopes and fears take refuge in  
The fragrance of its complicated glooms,  
And cool impleach'd twilights    Child of man,  
See'st thou yon river, whose translucent wave,  
Forth issuing from the darkness, windeth through  
The argent streets o' th' city, imaging  
The soft inversion of her tremulous domes,  
Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,  
Her pagods hung with music of sweet bells,  
Her obelisks of rang'd chrysolite,  
Minarets and towers ?    Lo ' how he passeth by,  
And gulphs himself in sands, as not enduring  
To carry through the world those waves, which bore  
The reflex of my city in their depths  
Oh city ' oh latest throne ' where I was raised  
To be a mystery of loveliness  
Unto all eyes, the time is well nigh come  
When I must render up this glorious home

To keen Discovery soon yon brilliant towers  
 Shall darken with the waving of her wand  
 Darken, and shrink and shiver into huts,  
 Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,  
 I ow built, mud wall'd, barbarian settlements  
 How chang'd from this fair city !”

Thus far the Spirit

Then parted heaven ward on the wing and I  
 Was left alone on Calpe, and the moon  
 Had fallen from the night, and all was duk’

## THE HESPERIDES

[Published and suppressed by my father and republished by me  
here (with accents written by him) in consequence of a talk  
that I had with him in which he regretted that he had done  
away with it from among his *Juvenilia* ]

Hesperus and his daughters three  
That sing about the golden tree

*Comus*

THE North wind fall'n, in the new starred night  
Zidonian Hanno, wandering beyond  
The hoary promontory of Soloe,  
Past Thymiatæron in calmed bays  
Between the southern and the western Horn,  
Heard neither warbling of the nightingale,  
Nor melody o' the Libyan Lotus flute  
Blown seaward from the shore, but from a slope  
That ran bloom bright into the Atlantic blue,  
Beneath a highland leaning down a weight  
Of cliffs, and zoned below with cedar shade,  
Came voices like the voices in a dream  
Continuous, till he reach'd the outer sea —

## SONG OF THE THREE SISTERS

## I

The Golden Apple, the Golden Apple, the hallow'd  
fruit,  
Guard it well, guard it warily,  
Singing airily,  
Standing about the charmed root  
Round about all is mute,  
As the snowfield on the mountain peaks,  
As the sandfield at the mountain foot  
Crocodiles in briny creeks  
Sleep and stir not all is mute  
If ye sing not, if ye make false measure,  
We shall lose eternal pleasure,  
Worth eternal want of rest  
Laugh not loudly watch the treasure  
Of the wisdom of the West  
In a corner wisdom whispers Five and three  
(Let it not be preach'd abroad) make an awful mystery  
For the blossom unto threefold music bloweth  
Evermore it is born anew,  
And the sap to threefold music floweth,  
From the root,  
Drawn in the dark,  
Up to the fruit,  
Creeping under the fragrant bark,  
Liquid gold, honeysweet thró and thró (*slow movement*)  
Keen eyed Sisters, singing airily,  
Looking warily  
Every way,



Guard the apple night and day,  
Lest one from the East come and take it away

## II

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, Watch, watch, ever and  
aye,  
Looking under silver hair with a silver eye  
Father, twinkle not thy stedfast sight  
Kingdoms lapse, and climates change, and races die,  
Honour comes with mystery,  
Hoarded wisdom brings delight  
Number, tell them over, and number  
How many the mystic fruit tree holds,  
Lest the red comb'd dragon slumber  
Roll'd together in purple folds  
Look to him, father, lest he wink, and the golden apple  
be stol'n away,  
For his ancient heart is drunk with overwatchings night  
and day  
Round about the hallow'd fruit tree curl'd—  
Sing away, sing aloud evermore in the wind without  
stop, (Anapaest)  
Lest his scaled eyelid drop,  
For he is older than the world  
If *he* waken, *we* waken,  
Rapidly levelling eager eyes  
If *he* sleep, *we* sleep,  
Dropping the eyelid over the eyes  
If the golden apple be taken  
The world will be overwise  
Five links, a golden chain are we,

Hesper, the Dragon, and Sisters three  
Bound about the golden tree

## III

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, Watch, watch, night  
and day,  
Lest the old wound of the world be healed,  
The glory unsealed,  
The golden apple stol'n away,  
And the ancient secret revealed  
Look from West to East along  
Father, old Himala weakens, Caucasus is bold and  
strong  
Wandering waters unto wandering waters call  
Let them clash together, foam and fall  
Out of watchings, out of wiles,  
Comes the bliss of secret smiles  
All things are not told to all,  
Half round the mantling night is drawn  
Purplefringed with even and dawn  
Hesper hateth Phosphor, evening hateth morn

## IV

Every flower and every fruit the redolent breath  
Of the warm seawind ripeneth,  
Arching the billow in his sleep  
But the land wind wandereth,  
Broken by the highland steep,  
Two streams upon the violet deep  
For the Western Sun, and the Western Star,  
And the low west wind, breathing afar,

The end of day and beginning of night  
Make the apple Holy and Bright ,  
Holy and Bright, round and full, bright and blest,  
Mellow'd in a land of rest  
Watch it warily day and night ,  
All good things are in the West  
Till mid noon the cool East light  
Is shut out by the round of the tall hill brow,  
But, when the full faced Sunset yellowly  
Stays on the flowering arch of the bough,  
The luscious frutage clustereth mellowly,  
Golden kernell'd, Golden cored,  
Sunset ripen'd above on the tree  
The world is wasted with fire and sword,  
But the Apple of gold hangs over the Sea '  
Five links—a Golden chain are we—  
Hesper, the Dragon, and Sisters three,  
Daughters three,  
bound about,  
All round about  
The gnarled bole of the charmed tree  
The Golden Apple, The Golden Apple, The hallow'd  
fruit,  
Guard it well, guard it warily,  
Watch it warily,  
Singing airily,  
Standing about the charmed root

## NOTES



## AUTHOR'S PREFATORY NOTES

I AM told that my young countrymen would like notes to my poems. Shall I write what dictionaries tell to save some of the idle folk trouble? or am I to try to fix a moral to each poem? or to add in analysis of passages? or to give a history of my similes? I do not like the task

---

"Artist first, then Poet" some critic said of me. I should answer, "*Poeta nascitur non fit*" I suppose I was nearer thirty than twenty before I was anything of an artist, and in my earliest teens I wrote an Epic—between 5000 and 6000 verses, chiefly *a la* Scott, and full of battles, dealing too with sea and savage mountain scenery. I used to compose sixty or seventy lines all at once and shout them about the fields as I leapt over the hedges. I never felt so inspired, tho' of course the poem was not worth preserving and into the fire it went

---

Knōwledge, shōne, knōll—let him who reads  
me always read the vowel in these words long

---

My paraphrases of certain Latin and Greek lines seem too obvious to be mentioned. Many of the parallelisms here given are accidental. The same idea must often occur independently to two men looking on the same aspects of Nature. There is a wholesome page in Fckermann's "Conversations with Goethe," where one or the other (I have not the book by me) remarks that the prosaic mind finds plagiarism in passages that only prove 'the common brotherhood of man'—Γ

[The following notes were left by my father, some of them in his own handwriting, some of them taken down from his table talk. He went through the first proofs and corrected them, and sanctioned their revision and publication under my editorship. But he wished it to be clearly understood that in his opinion, to use his own words, "Poetry is like shot silk with many glancing colours," and that "every reader must find his own interpretation according to his ability, and according to his sympathy with the poet."

In answer to numerous questions put to me by friends, I have added here and there an additional note in brackets, and I wish especially to thank Mr H G Dakyns and Mr G C Macaulay for some valuable suggestions. To Mr Aldis Wright I am indebted for most of the MS notes by Edward FitzGerald—ED ]

Here is a wholesome page in 'Eckermann's  
Conversations with Goethe' where one of the  
other (I have not the book by me) remarks  
that the practical mind finds plagiarisms  
in papers that only prove "the common  
brotherhood of man."

I was thinking of Shakespeare's Cleopatra

Think of me

That am with Pharoah's amorous prince's black

Mulholland has made a muletti of her  
in his illustration. I know perfectly well  
that she was a Greek; 'swarthy' merely means  
sun-burnt. I should not have spoken of her  
beast as 'polished skin' if I had not known  
her as a white woman. Read 'sunburnt' up.  
You like it better.





## NOTES

p 1 *TO THE QUEEN* [First published in 1851  
ED ]

p 1 lines 7, 8

*This laurel grows from the brows  
Of him that utter'd nothing base*

[Wordsworth On Nov 19, 1850, my father was appointed Poet Laureate in succession to Wordsworth See *Memoir*, vol 1 p 334 foll., and "Reminiscences of Tennyson in Early Days," *Memoir*, vol 1 pp 208 210 —ED ]

The third verse in proof stood—

Nor should I dare to flatter state,  
Nor such a lay would you receive,  
Were I to shape it, who believe  
Your nature true as you are great

p 3 (*JUVENILIA*) *CLARIBEL* [First published in 1830 —ED ] All these ladies were evolved, like the camel, from my own consciousness [Isabel was more or less a portrait See p. 337, note to p 23, *Isabel* —ED ]

"Juvenilia" were published in 1830 John Stuart Mill reviewed the volume in the *London Review* (July 1835), Leigh Hunt in the *Tatler*, and Professor Wilson (Christopher North) in *Blackwood*

p 4 line 3 *hntwhite*, i.e. linnet

p 5 *NOTHING WILL DIE* [First published in 1830 —ED] All things are evolved

p 7 *ALL THINGS WILL DIE* [First published in 1830 —ED]

p 8 line 13

*Nine times goes the passing bell*

Nine times for a man

p 9 *LEONINE ELFGIACS* [First published in 1830 —ED] line 10 "*hyaline*" [Cf ὡς θαλασσα ὑαλινῇ, "a sea of glass like unto crystal" (Rev iv 6), and *Par Lost*, vii 619 —ED]

p 10 line 2 *The ancient poetess singeth*

Φεσπερε, παντα φερεις, οσα φαιολις εσκεδασ' αιωσ,  
φερεις οιν, φερεις αιγα, φερεις ματέρι παιδα

Sappho

p 11 *SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS OF A SECOND RATE SENSITIVE MIND* [First published in 1830 —ED] If some kind friend had taken him by the hand and said, "Come, work"—"Look not every man on his own things, but every

man also on the things of others" (Philippians 11 4)—he might have been a happy man, though sensitive

p 19 *THE KRAKEN* [First published in 1830 —ED ]

See the account which Frik Pontoppidan, the Norwegian bishop, born 1698, gives of the fabulous sea monster—the kraken (*Biographia Universali*)

"Ce prodigieux polype dont le dos a une demilieue de circonference ou plus quelquefois ses bras s'élèvent à la hauteur des mâts d'un navire de moyenne grandeur on croit que s'ils accrochaient le plus gros vaisseau de guerre, ils le feraient couler à fond les îles flottantes ne sont que des krakens"

p 21 *LILIAN* [First published in 1830 —ED ]

p 23 *ISABEL* [First published in 1830 In the poem of *Isabel* the poet's mother was more or less described "A remarkable and saintly woman," "One of the most innocent and tender hearted ladies I ever saw," wrote Edward FitzGerald She devoted herself entirely to her husband and her children —ED ]

p 25 *MARIANA* [First published in 1830 —ED ]

The *moated grange* was no particular grange, but one which rose to the music of Shakespeare's words "There, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana" (*Measure for Measure*, Act III Sc 1)

- p 25 line 4 *pear* Altered from "peach," because  
 "peach" spoils the desolation of the picture  
 It is not a characteristic of the scenery I had  
 in mind

- p 26 lines 10 13

*Waking she heard the night fowl crow  
 The cock sung out an hour ere light  
 From the dark fen the oxen's low  
 Came to her*

Compare Ballad of Clerk Saunders

"O Cocks are crowing of merry midnight,  
 I wot the wild fowls are boding day,  
 The psalms of heaven will sure be sung," etc  
 [Cf

At midnight the cock was crowing

*The Ballad of Oriana*, p 73 —ED ]

- p 26 line 24 *marsh mosses*, the little marsh moss lumps  
 that float on the surface of water

- p 29 *MARIANA IN THE SOUTH* [First published in  
 1832 —ED ] The idea of this came into my  
 head between Narbonne and Perpignan

[ "It is intended, you will perceive, as a kind  
 of pendant to his former poem of *Mariana*,  
 the idea of both being the expression of  
 desolate loneliness, but with this distinctive  
 variety in the second, that it paints the forlorn  
 feeling as it would exist under the influence of  
 different impressions of sense When we were  
 journeying together this summer through the

South of France we came upon a range of country just corresponding to his preconceived thought of a barrenness, and the portraiture of the scenery in this poem is most faithful. You will, I think, agree with me that the essential and distinguishing character of the conception requires in the *Southern Mariana* a greater lingering on the outward circumstances, and a less palpable transition of the poet into Mariana's feelings, than was the case in the former poem" (A. H. Hallam to W. B. Donne) —FD]

p 32 line 21

*At eve a dry cicada sung*

Originally in MS

At fall of eve a cricket sung

p 34 To — [First published in 1830 FD]

The first lines were addressed to Blakesley (afterwards Dean of Lincoln), but the poem wandered off to describe an imaginary man

[Of Blakesley my father said "He ought to be Lord Chancellor, for he is a subtle and powerful reasoner, and an honest man"—ED]

p 34 line 6 *Ray fringed eyelids* Cf

"Under the opening eyelids of the morn"

*Lycidas*

p 35 line 10 *Yabbok* Jabbok not so sweet as Yabbok Cf Gen xxxii 22 32 The Hebrew J is Y

p 35 line 11

*And heaven's mazed signs stood still*

The stars stood still in their courses to watch

p 36 [*MADFLINE* First published in 1830 —ED]

p 39 First *SONG TO THE OWL* [The songs were first published in 1830 —ED] Verse 11 line 6  
*his five wits*, the five senses Cf "Bless thy five wits' Tom's a cold,—O, do de, do de, do de" (*King Lear*, III IV 59)

p 41 *RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS* [First published in 1830 —ED] Haroun Alraschid lived at the time of Charlemagne, and was renowned for his splendour and his patronage of literary men I had only the translation—from the French of Galland—of the *Arabian Nights* when this was written, so I talked of sofas, etc Lane was yet unborn

p 41 lines 13, 14

*The low and bloomed foliage, drove*

*The fragrant, glistening deeps*

Not "drove over," as one commentator takes it, but the passage means that the deeps were driven before the prow

p 42 line 6 *platans*, plane trees Cf

The thick leaved platans of the vale

*The Princess* III 159

p 43 line 6 *image*, bank

b 44 line 2 *coverture* Cf "the woodbine coverture"  
(*Much Ado about Nothing*, III 1 30)

p 44 line 4 *bulbul*, the Persian name for Nightingale  
Cf

"Not for thee," she said,  
"O Bulbul, my rose of Gulistan  
Shall burst her veil"

*The Princess*, IV 104

p 44 line 18 *counterchanged*, chequered Cf  
Witch elms that counterchange the floor  
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright  
*In Memoriam*, LXXXIX

p 46 line 9 *sisters*, silver candelabra

p 46 line 11 *moonèd*, crowned with the Mohammedan  
crescent moon The crescent is Ottoman, not  
Arabian, an anachronism pardonable in a boy's  
vision

p 46 line 18 *Persian girl* The Persian girl "Nour  
eddin, the fair Persian," in *The Arabian Nights'*  
*Entertainments*

p 48 *ODE TO MEMORY* [First published in 1830  
My father considered this one of the best of  
his early and peculiarly concentrated Nature  
poems — ED ]

The *Ode to Memory* is a very early poem,  
all except the lines beginning "My friend,  
with you to live alone," which were addressed  
to Arthur Hallam and added

p 48 line 9 *yesternight*, the past



p 50 lines 15 21

*Of purple cliffs, aloof descried  
Come from the woods that belt the gray hill side,  
The seven elms, the poplars four  
That stand beside my father's door,  
Aid chiefly from the brook that loves  
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,  
Or duple in the dail of rushy coves*

The rectory at Somersby The poplars have gone

[The lawn at Somersby was overshadowed on one side by the wychelms, and on the other by larch and sycamore trees Here the poet made his early song, "A spirit haunts the year's last hours" Beyond the path, bounding the greensward to the south, ran in the old days a deep border of lilies and roses, backed by hollyhocks and sunflowers Beyond that was

a garden bowered close  
With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,  
Long alleys falling down to twilight grotts,  
Or opening upon level plots  
Of crowned lilies, standing near  
Purple spiked lavender—

sloping in a gradual descent to the parson's field, at the foot of which flows, by "lawn and lea," the swift steep-banked brook, where are "brambly wildernesses" and "sweet forget me nots," and under the water the "long mosses sway" The charm and beauty of this brook haunted him through life —FD]

p 51 line 4 *wolds* Somersby is on the wolds or hills, about seven miles from the fens

[Edward FitzGerald writes "Long after  
 & I had settled in the Isle of Wight, I used to say he never should have left old Lincolnshire, where there were not only such grand seers, but also such fine Hill and Dale among the Wolds, which he was brought up on, as people in general scarce thought of"—LD]

p 52 line 9 *Pile* Cumberland word for Peak

p 52 lines 10 12 refer to Mablethorpe

I used to stand [when a boy] on the sand built ridge at Mablethorpe and think that it was the spine bone of the world The seas there are interminable waves rolling along interminable shores of sand

[The following lines were written in middle life by my father about Mablethorpe

#### MABLETHORPE

Here often when a child I lay reclined

I took delight in this fair strand and free,  
 Here stood the infant Ilion of the mind,

And here the Grecian ships all seem'd to be  
 And here again I come, and only find

The drain cut level of the marshy lea,  
 Gray sand banks, and pale sunsets, dreary wind,  
 Dim shores, dense rains, and heavy clouded  
 sea.

Ed ]

p 54 *SONG* [Written at Somersby, first published in 1830 —ED]

p 54 line 12

*Heavily hangs the tiger lily*

On a sloping bed the tiger lilies drooped  
on a dank, damp day

[In 1828 my father had written the following (hitherto unpublished) poem about his home

#### HOME

What shall sever me  
From the love of home?  
Shall the weary sea,  
Leagues of sounding foam?  
Shall extreme distress,  
Shall unknown disgrace,  
Make my love the less  
For my sweet birth place?  
Tho' my brains grow dry,  
Iancy mew her wings,  
And my memory  
Forget all other things,—  
Tho' I could not tell  
My left hand from my right —  
I should know thee well,  
Home of my delight '                      ED ]

p 56 *A CHARACTER* [First published in 1830 —ED]

This man was "a very plausible, parliament like, and self-satisfied speaker at the Union Debating Society"—EDWARD FITZGERALD

p 58 *THE POET* [First published in 1830 -ED]

p 58 line 3

*Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn*

The poet hates hate, and scorns scorn

[My father denounced hate and scorn as if they were "the sins against the Holy Ghost" —ED]

p 58 line 15 *Calpe* Gibraltar (one of the pillars of Hercules) was the western limit of the old world, as Caucasus was the eastern

p 59 line 3 *the arrow seeds of the field flower*, the dandelion

p 61 *THE PORT'S MIND* [First published in 1830 —ED]

p 63 *THE SEA FAIRILS* [First published in 1830 —ED]

p 65 *THE DISERTID HOUSE* — the body which Life and I thought have left [First published in 1830 —ED]

p 67 *THE DYING SWAN* [First published in 1830 —ED]

p 67 line 17

*Chasing itself at its own wild will*

The circling of the swallow

p 68 line 9 *the coronach*, the Gaelic funeral song

p 68 line 21 *soughing* Anglo Saxon *sweg*, a sound Modified into an onomatopœic word for the soft sound or the deep sighing of the wind

p 69 *A DIRGE* [First published in 1830 —ED ]

p 69 line 8 *carketh*, vexeth [From late Latin *car*  
*care*, to load, whence to *charge* —ED ]

p 70 line 9 *eglatere*, for eglantine Cf

“With sicamour was set and eglatere ”

*The Floure and the Leaf*

p 70 line 15 *pleached*, plaited (*pluo*) [Cf *Much Ado*  
*about Nothing*, III i 7

“the pleached bowen,

Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,

Forbid the sun to enter”

ED ]

p 70 line 17 *long purples* (*Vicia Cracca*), the purple  
vetch Nothing to do with “long purples”  
(*Hamlet*, IV vii 170)

p 71 line 12 *balm cricket*, cicala There is an old  
school book used by me when a boy (*Ana*  
*lecta Græca Majora et Minora*) In the notes  
there to a poem of Theocritus I found *τεττιξ*  
translated “balm cricket” “Balm” was evi  
dently a corruption of *Baum*, tree (*Baum*  
*grille*)

[A confusion was evidently made between the  
German *Baum* and the French *baume* —ED ]

p 72 *LOVE AND DRAIN* [First published in 1830  
—ED ]

p 72 line 4 *cassia* (Gk *κασσι* a spice like cinnamon),  
a kind of laurel

p 72 line 8 *sheeny vans*, shining wings Cf Milton,  
*Paradise Lost*, II 927

“ At last his sail broad vans  
He spreads for flight ”

p 72 line 13 *eminent*, standing out like a tree

p 73 *THE BALLAD OF ORIVA* [First published in  
1830 —ED ]

p 74 line 1

*In the yew wood black as night*

I ear made a fine sketch of this at Kingley  
Bottom, near Chichester, which is a striking  
vale with a yew grove in it When we saw  
the yews their blackness was crowned with  
the wild white clematis

p 78 *CIRCUMSTANCE* [First published in 1830 —  
ED ]

p 79 *THE MERMAID* [First published in 1830 — ED ]

p 80 line 15 *Turkis* Milton calls it ‘ turkis,’ for  
turquoise is the French word with an ugly  
nasal sound in the *oi* diphthong

*almondine*, a small violet garnet, first brought  
from Alabanda, a city of Asia Minor Hence  
“ almondine ” is a corruption of the Latin  
adjective *Alabandina*

p 81 *THE MERMAID* [First published in 1830 -  
ED ]

“ No more misshapen from the waist,  
But like a maid of mortal frame ”

W SCOTT

p 83 line 12 *hollow sphere of the sea*, an underworld of which the sea is the heaven

p 84 *ADELINA* [First published in 1830 —FD]

p 86 line 11 *Sabæan*, Arabian

p 86 line 20 *Letters cowslips* Referring to the red spots on the cowslip bell, as if they were letters of a fairy alphabet Cf *Cymbeline*, II ii 39

“like the crimson drops

I’ the bottom of a cowslip”

p 87 *MARGARET* [First published in 1832 All the poems dated 1833 were published at the end of 1832 —ED]

p 89 line 21 *leavy* Cf

“Since summer first was leavy”

*Much Ado*, II iii 75

[*Macbeth*, V vi 1, *Pericles*, V i 51 Later editions read “leafy” —ED]

p 91 *ROSALIND* [First published in 1832 —ED]

p 94 *ELEANOR* [First published in 1832 —ED]

p 99 Verse viii Cf Sappho

φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσι  
εἰμμεν ὦνῆρ, οὐστὶς ἐναιτίος τοι  
ἰζάνει, καὶ πλασιον ἀδὶ φωνεῦ  
σας ὑπακουει

καὶ γέλαισας ἡμερόεν, τό μοι μᾶν  
καρδίαν ἐν στηθεσιν ἐπτόασεν  
ὥς γὰρ εἰς σ’ ἴδω βραχεὺς με φωνας  
οὐδὲν ἔτ’ εἴκει

αλλα καμ μὲν γλῶσσα εαγε λεπτον δ  
 αυτικα χρῶ πῦρ υποδεδρομαλεν  
 οππάτεσσι δ' ουδὲν ὄρημ', επιρρομ  
 βεισι δ' άκοναι

α δε μ ιδρωσ κακχεεται, τρομος δὲ  
 πᾶσαν αγρει χλωροτέρα δὲ ποιας  
 εμμι τεθνακην δ' ὀλιγω 'πιδενύης  
 φαινομαι ἄλλα  
 ἄλλὰ πᾶν τέλματον, [επει καὶ πενητα]

ρ 101 *MY LIFE IS FULL OF WOFARY DAYS*, and the next poem beginning "When in the darkness over me," were originally two poems, tho' one in the edition, dated 1833, published in 1832

ρ 101 *WHEN IN THE DARKNESS OF THE*

ρ 102 line 5 *scratches* Originally "laughters" I was one day walking with a friend in a copse, and I heard bird laughter I have no eyes, so to speak He said, "That's a jay" It may have been a woodpecker as far as my ears could tell However, whether he was right in his eyesight or I in my hearing, I did once catch a jay in the act of laughing I once crept with the greatest caution thro' a wood and came right underneath a jay I heard him chuckling to himself, and the afternoon sun was full upon him I broke by chance a little rotten twig of the tree he was perch'd on, and away he went



- p 103 Sonnet I *To —* [First published in 1832 —ED ]
- p 104 Sonnet II *To J M K* To my old college friend, J M Kemble [First published in 1830 He gave up his thought of taking Orders, and devoted himself to Anglo Saxon history and literature — FD ]
- p 106 Sonnet IV *ALI VANDER* [First published in 1872, although written much earlier —FD ]
- p 106 line 8 *Ammonian Oasis* This refers to Alexander's visit to the famous temple of Zeus Ammon in the Libyan desert
- p 107 Sonnet V *BUONAPARTE* [First published in 1832 —FD ]
- p 108 Sonnet VI *POI AND* [First published in 1832 —FD ]
- pp 109 111 Sonnets VII VIII IX [First published in 1865, although written in early life —FD ]
- p 112 Sonnet X [First published in 1832 —ED ]
- p 113 Sonnet XI *THE BRIDESMAID* [First published in 1872 On May 24, 1836 my father's best loved brother, Charles Tennyson Turner, married Louisa Sellwood, my mother's youngest sister My mother as a bridesmaid was taken into church by my father They had rarely been in each other's company since their first meeting in 1830, when the Sellwoods had driven over one spring day from Horncastle to call at Somersby Rectory Arthur Hallam was then staying with the Tennysons, and

asked Emily Sellwood to walk with him in the Holy Well Wood. At a turn of the path they came upon my father, who, at the sight of the slender, beautiful girl of seventeen in her simple grey dress, moving "like a light across these woodland ways," suddenly said to her, "Are you a Dryad or an Oread wandering here?" Now, as a bridesmaid, she seemed to him even lovelier.

O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride.

Two other early sonnets are worthy of mention here.

### LOVE

Thou, from the first, unborn, undying Love,  
 Albeit we gaze not on thy glories near,  
 Before the face of God didst breathe and move,  
 I though night and pain and ruin and death  
     reign here  
 Thou foldest like a golden atmosphere,  
 The very throne of the eternal God,  
 Passing thro' thee, the edicts of His fear  
 Are mellow'd into music, borne abroad  
 By the loud winds, though they uprend the sea,  
 Even from his centred deeps, thine empery  
 Is over all, thou wilt not brook eclipse,  
 Thou goest and returnest to His Lips  
 Like lightening, thou dost ever brood above  
 The silence of all hearts, unutterable Love

## II

To know thee is all wisdom, and old age  
 Is but to know thee, dimly we behold thee  
 Athwart the veils of evil which enfold thee  
 We beat upon our aching hearts with rage,  
 We cry for thee, we deem the world thy tomb  
 As dwellers in lone planets look upon  
 The mighty disk of their majestic sun,  
 Hollow'd in awful chasms of wheeling gloom,  
 Making their day dim, so we gaze on thee  
 Come, thou of many crowns, white robed Love,  
 O rend the veil in twain! all men adore thee,  
 Heaven crieth after thee, earth waileth for  
     thee,  
 Breathe on thy wingèd throne, and it shall  
     move  
 In music and in light o'er land and sea  
LD ]

p 114 *THE LADY OF SHALOTT* [First published in 1832, and much altered in 1842 — LD]  
 Taken from an Italian novelette, *Donna di Scalotta* Shalott and Astolat are the same words. The Lady of Shalott is evidently the Flame of the *Morte d'Arthur*, but I do not think that I had ever heard of the latter when I wrote the former. Shalott was a softer sound than "Scalott." Stalott would have been nearer Astolat.

p 114 line 5 *Camelot* (unlike the Camelot of the Celtic legends) is on the sea in the Italian story

[The key to this tale of magic symbolism is of deep human significance and is to be found in the lines

Or when the moon was overhcad,  
Came two young lovers lately wed,  
"I am half sick of shadows," said  
The Lady of Shalott

ED ]

p 115 line 12 *cheerly* Cf "cheerly drawing breath"  
(*Ruth II* 1 iii 66)

p 120 line 12

*Till her blood was frozen slowly*  
George Eliot liked my first the best  
Till her smooth face sharpen'd slowly

p 122 *THE TWO VOICES*

[*The Two Voices*, or *Thoughts of a Suicide* (first published in 1844, but dated 1833), describing the conflict in a soul between Faith and Scepticism, was begun under the cloud of his overwhelming sorrow after the death of Arthur Hallam, which, as my father told me, for a while blotted out all joy from his life, and made him long for death. But such a friendship and such a loss helped to reveal himself to himself while he enshrined his sorrow in his song

In the earliest manuscript of *The Two Voices* a fine verse which was omitted in the published edition is found after "under earth" (p 138, line 3)

From when his baby pulses beat  
 To when his hands in their last hert  
 Pick at the death mote on the sheet

[10]

p 124 line 3 *for thy deficiency*, for the want of thee

p 131 line 9

*Lool up, the fold is on her brow*

The fold = the cloud

p 131 line 10 *oblique* Our grandfathers said "ob-  
 leege," which is now *oblige*, in the same way  
 I pronounce "oblique" *oblique*

p 131 line 12 *Embracing cloud* Ixion embraced a  
 cloud, hoping to embrace a goddess

p 133 line 3

*The elements were kinder m'nd*

Some have happier dispositions

p 135 line 10

*The simple senses crown'd his head*

The simple senses made death a king

p 137 lines 16, 17

*Before the little ducts began*

*To feed thy bones with lime*

[Cf *Animal Physiology*, by W B Carpenter  
 "In the first development of the embryo, a sort  
 of mould of cartilage is laid down for the  
 greater part of the bones The process of  
 ossification, or bone formation, commences  
 with the deposit of calcareous matter in the

intercellular substance of the cartilage, so as to form a sort of network, in the interspaces of which are seen the remains of the cartilage cells. The tissue thus formed can scarcely be considered as true bone, for it contains neither *lacunæ* nor *canaliculi*. Before long, however, it undergoes very important changes, for many of the partitions are removed, so that the minute chambers which they separated coalesce into larger ones, and thus are formed the *cancelli* of the spongy substance, and the Haversian canals of the more compact"—ED.]

p 143 line 18

*You scarce could see the grass for flowers*

[Edward FitzGerald says "Composed as he walked about the Dulwich meadows"—ED.]

p 145 *THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER* [First published in 1832, much altered in 1842—ED.] No particular mill, but if I thought at all of any mill it was that of Trumpington, near Cambridge

[FitzGerald notes "This Poem, as may be seen, is much altered and enlarged from the 1st Ed (dated) 1833, in some respects, I think, not for the better, losing somewhat of the easy character of 'Talk over the Walnuts and the Wine' Anyhow, would one not preserve the first stanza of the original, slightly altered, as A T suggested to me?"

I met in all the close green ways,  
 While walking with my rod and line,  
 The Miller with his mealy face,  
 And long'd to take his hand in mine  
 He look'd so jolly and so good,  
 When fishing in the milldam water,  
 I laugh'd to see him as he stood,  
 And dreamt not of the miller's daughter  
 ED ]

p 147 lines 20, 21

*Below the chestnuts, when their buds  
 Were glistening to the breezy blue*

First reading

Beneath those gummy chestnut buds  
 That glistened in the April blue

p 149 Verse omitted after line 24

That slope beneath the chestnut tall  
 Is woo'd with choicest breaths of air,  
 Methinks that I could tell you all  
 The cowslips and the kingcups there,  
 Each coltsfoot down the grassy bent  
 Whose round leaves hold the gather'd  
 shower,  
 Each quaintly folded cuckoo pint  
 And silver paly cuckoo flower

[Cuckoo pint, or Lords and Ladies, *Arum  
 maculatum* Cuckoo flower, *Cardamine pra  
 tensis* —ED ]

p 151 [Spedding writes in the *Edinburgh* for April 1843,  
 “ ‘The Miller’s Daughter’ is much enriched by  
 the introduction of the mother of the lover,  
 and the following beautiful stanzas (which  
 many people, however, will be ill satisfied to  
 miss) are displaced to make room for beauty  
 of a much higher order:

Remember you the clear moonlight  
 That whiten’d all the eastern ridge,  
 When o’er the water dancing white  
 I stepp’d upon the old mill bridge?  
 I heard you whisper from above,  
 A lute toned whisper, ‘I am here!’  
 I murmur’d ‘Speak again, my love,  
 The stream is loud I cannot hear!’

I heard, as I have seem’d to hear,  
 When all the under air was still,  
 The low voice of the glad New Year  
 Call to the freshly flower’d hill  
 I heard, as I have often heard,  
 The nightingale in leavy woods  
 Call to its mate when nothing stirr’d  
 To left or right but falling floods

“These, we observe, are away, and the  
 following graceful and tender picture, full of  
 the spirit of English rural life, appears in their  
 place (The late squire’s son, we should  
 presume, is bent on marrying the daughter of  
 the wealthy miller)



And slowly was my mother brought

\* \* \* \*

Approaching, press'd you heart to heart "

ED ]

p 156 *FATIMA* [Published in 1832, to which this quotation from Sappho was prefixed

φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῦσιν

εμμεν ὠνήρ

ED ]

p 158 *ÆNONE* Married to Paris, and afterwards deserted by him for Helen The sequel of the tale is poorly given in Quintus Calaber

[See *The Death of Ænone*, vol ix p 288  
My father visited the Pyrenees with Arthur Hallam in 1830 From this time forward the lonely Pyrenean peaks, the mountains with "their streaks of virgin snow," like the Maladetta, mountain "lawns and meadow ledges midway down," and the "long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine," were a continual source of inspiration He wrote part of *Ænone* in the valley of Cauteretz His sojourn there was also commemorated one and thirty years afterward in "All along the valley" *Ænone* was first published in 1832, but was republished in 1842 with considerable alterations —ED ]

I had an idiotic hatred of hyphens in those days, but though I printed such words as "glénriver," "tendriltwine" I always gave them

in reading their full two accents Coleridge thought because of these hyphenated words that I could not scan. He said that I ought to write in a regular metre in order that I might learn what metre was—not knowing that in earliest youth I had written hundreds of lines in the regular Popian measure. I remember my father (who was himself something of a poet and wrote very regular metre) saying to me when in my early teens, “Don’t write always such exact metre—break it now and then to avoid monotony.” I now think that we want two forms of hyphen, *e.g.* “Paper hanging Manufacturer” is a “Manufacturer made of paper and hung in effigy.” Paper hanging=Manufacturer. “Invalid Chairmaker” is a sick maker of chairs. Invalid chair=maker.

*p* 158 line 1 *Ida* On the south of Troas

*p* 158 line 10 *Gargara* or *Gargaron* The highest part of Mt. Ida

*Ipsa suas mirantur Gargara menses*

*Georg* 1 103

*p* 158 line 16 *Paris, once her playmate on the hills*  
[See Apollodorus, iii 12, etc.—FD]

*p* 159 lines 4, 5 This sort of refrain

*O mother Ida, many fountains d Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die*

is found in Theocritus For "many fountain'd"  
cf *Il* viii 47

\*Ιδὴν δ' ἱκανὲ πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν  
and elsewhere in the *Iliad*

p 159 line 6

*For now the noonday quiet holds the hill*

μεσαμβρινή δ' εἶχ' ὄρος ἡσυχία

Callimachus, *Lavacrum Palladis*, 72

p 159 line 9 *and the winds are dead* Altered  
from the original reading of 1842, "and  
the cicala sleeps" In these lines describing  
a perfect stillness, I did not like the jump,  
"Rests like a shadow—and the cicala sleeps"  
Moreover, in the heat of noon the cicla is  
generally at its loudest, though I have read  
that, in extreme heat, it is silent Some one  
(I forget who) found them silent at noon on  
the slopes of Etna

In the Pyrenes, where part of this poem  
was written, I saw a very beautiful species of  
cicala, which had scarlet wings spotted with  
black Probably nothing of the kind exists  
in Mount Ida

p 159 line 10 *flower droops* "Flowers droop" in  
the original edition of 1842 was a misprint  
for "flower droops"

p 159 line 12

*My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love*

This line, that any child might have written,

is not, as some writers say, taken from Shakespeare

"Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief"

2 *Henry VI* II III 17

p 159 line 22

*Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed*

[Cf *Tithonus*, vol II p 32, lines 20, 21

Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,  
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers,  
and Ovid, *Heroides*, xvi 179

Ilion adspicies, firmataque turribus altis

Moenia, Phoebeae structa canore lyrae

FD ]

p 160 line 17 *foam bow* The rainbow in the cataract,  
formed by the sunshine on the foam

p 160 line 22 *Hesperian gold*, from the gardens of  
the Hesperides

p 161 line 7 *married brows*, meeting eye brows  
σύνωφρος κόρα, Theoc viii 72 [Cf Ovid,  
*Artis Amatoriae*, iii 201, "confirma super  
ciliu"—ED ]

p 162 line 3

*And at their feet the crocus brake like fire*

[Cf χρυσανγής κρόκος, *Old Coloneus*, 685  
—ED ]

It is the flame like petal of the crocus which  
is alluded to, not only the colour I will  
answer for it that no modern poet can write

a single line but among the innumerable authors of the world you will somewhere find a striking parallelism. It is the unimaginative man who thinks everything borrowed.

p 162 line 4 *amaraeus*, marjoram

p 162 line 4 *asphodel*, a sort of lily. The word "daffodil" is said to be derived from "asphodel" [*Fleur d'asphodèle* —FD]

p 162 line 11 *peacocl*, sacred to Hera

p 163 line 12

*Rest in a happy place and quiet seats*

Scilicet is Superis labor est, et curi quietos  
Sollicitat

*Æneid*, IV 379-380

and

*sedesque quietae*

*Quas neque concutiunt venti*

Lucretius, *De Rerum Nat* III 18

p 163 line 20 *O'erthwarted*. Founded on the Chaucerian word "overthwart," across. Cf *Troilus and Criseyde*, Bk III 685

p 164 line 10 *Sequel of guerdon*, addition of reward

p 164 line 21 [The Goddess pictures the full grown, full orb'd Will like a young planet pursuing its mighty path in a series of revolutions, each revolution more and more symmetrical, and devoid of halting epicycles, until its course is frictionless,—pure unhesitating Will,—fulfilling without let or hindrance the

law of its being in absolute freedom My father often repeated his lines on Free Will

This main miracle, that thou art thou,  
With power on thine own act and on the  
world,

and would enlarge upon man's consequent moral obligations, upon the law which claims a free obedience, and upon the pursuit of moral perfection (in imitation of the Divine) to which man is called —ED ]

p 165 line 6 *Paphian* Idalion and Paphos in Cyprus are sacred to Aphrodite

p 167 line 5 *The Abominable*, Eris the goddess of strife, discord

p 168 line 20

*A fire dances before her, and a sound*

Cf

παταῖ, οἶον τὸ πῦρ ἐπερχεται δὲ μοι

Aesch Ag 1256

p 169 *THE SISYPHUS* [First published in 1832 —ED ]  
Mrs Tom Taylor has made a fine setting for this

p 172 *THE PALACE OF ARI* [First published in edition dated 1833, but really 1832 —ED ] French (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin) said, when we were at Trinity (Cambridge) together, "Lennyson, we cannot live in Art" This

poem is the embodiment of my own belief  
that the Godlike life is with man and for man

Beauty, Good and Knowledge are three  
sisters

That never can be sunder'd without tears  
And he that shuts out Love, in turn shall be  
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie,  
Howling in outer darkness

[Spedding writes that the poem "represents  
allegorically the condition of a mind which,  
in the love of beauty, and the triumphant  
consciousness of knowledge, and intellectual  
supremacy, in the intense enjoyment of its  
own power and glory, has lost sight of its  
relation to man and God"—ED ]

When I first conceived the plan of *The  
Palace of Art*, I intended to have introduced  
both sculptures and paintings into it, but I  
only finished two sculptures

One was the Tishbite whom the raven fed,  
As when he stood on Carmel steeps,  
With one arm stretch'd out bare, and mock'd  
and said,  
"Come, cry aloud—he sleeps "

Full, eager, lean and strong, his cloak wind  
borne

Behind, his forehead heavenly bright  
From the clear marble pouring glorious scorn,  
Lit as with inner light

*Olympias* was the mother of Alexander the Great, and devoted to the Orphic rites. She was wont in the dances proper to these ceremonies to have great time serpents about her.

One was *Olympias* the floating snake  
 Roll'd round her ankles, round her waist  
 Knotted, and folded once about her neck,  
 Her perfect lips to taste,

<sup>1</sup> Down from the shoulder moved, she seeming  
 blithe

Declined her head on every side  
 The dragon's curves melted, and mingled with  
 The woman's youthful pride

Of rounded limbs

*p* 172 line 16 [*Sleeps* The shadow of Saturn thrown on the luminous ring, though the planet revolves in ten and a half hours, appears to be motionless —ED]

*p* 173 line 14 *That lent broad verge*, a broad horizon

*p* 176 line 4 *hoary* The underside of the olive leaf is white

*p* 176 line 19 *branch work of costly sardonyx* The Parisian jewellers apply graduated degrees of heat to the sardonyx, by which the original colour is changed to various colours. They imitate thus, among other things, bunches of grapes with green tendrils

<sup>1</sup> MS reading



p 176 line 20

*Sat smiling, babe in arm*

[Edward FitzGerald wrote a note for me on this "After visiting Italy some twenty years after this poem was written, he told me that he had been prepared for Raffaele, but not for Michael Angelo, whose picture at Florence of a Madonna dragging a 'ton of a child' over one shoulder almost revolted him at first, but drew him toward itself afterward, and 'would not out of memory' I forget if he saw the Dresden Raffaele, but he would speak of the *Child* in it as 'perhaps finer than the whole composition, in so far as one's eyes are more concentrated on the subject. The child seems to be the furthest reach of human art. His attitude is a man's, his countenance a Jupiter's, perhaps too much so' But when A. T. had a babe of his own, he saw it was not 'too much so' 'I am afraid of him babies have a grandeur which children lose, their look of awe and wonder. I used to think the old painters overdid the expression and dignity of their infant Christs, but I see they didn't'"—ED ]

p 177 line 9

*Of mythic Uther's deeply wounded son*

Arthur when he was "smitten thro' the helm" by Modred

Here this verse was omitted  
 Or blue eyed Kriemhilt from a craggy hold  
 Athw at the light green rows of vine,  
 Pour'd blazing hoards of Nibelungen gold  
 Down to the gulfy Rhine

p 177 line 15

*The wood nymph, stor'd the Ausonian kin, to  
 hear*

Fgeria, who gave the laws to Numa Pom-  
 pilus

p 177 line 17 *engrai'd* [heraldic term for serrated  
 —ED ]

p 177 line 19 *Indian Cama*, the Hindu God of  
 young love, son of Brahma

p 178 line 1 *blew* "Blue," as it appears in some  
 editions, was a printer's error [Cf Moschus,  
*Id* II 121 5 —ED ]

p 178 line 10 *the supreme Caucasian mind* [The  
 Caucasian range was thought to form the N.W.  
 border of Western Asia, from which the races  
 who peopled Europe originally came —ED ]

p 179 line 1 *Ioman father*, Homer

p 180 line 7 *large brow'd Verulam* The bust of  
 Bacon in Trinity College Library "Livy"  
 is in one of the original verses here, and looks  
 queer Our classical tutor at Trinity College  
 used to call him such a great poet that I  
 suppose he got into my palace thro' his  
 recommendation

[FitzGerald wrote "In this advancement of *Livy* I recognize the fashion of A. T.'s college days, when the German school, with Coleridge, Julius Hare, etc., to expound, came to reform all our Notions. I remember that *Livy* and *Jeremy Taylor* were 'the greatest poets next to *Shakespeare*'"]

The "original verses" referred to ran thus  
*Cervantes*, the bright face of *Calderon*,  
*Robed David*, touching holy strings,  
The *Halicarnassean*, and alone,  
*Alfred*, the flower of kings  
*Isaiah* with fierce *Ezekiel*,  
*Swarth Moses* by the *Coptic sea*,  
*Plato*, *Petrarca*, *Livy*, and *Raphael*,  
And eastern *Confutzee*  
And many more that in their life time were  
Full welling fountain heads of change, etc  
ED ]

p 180 line 8

*The first of those who know*  
is *Bacon*

"Il maestro di color chi sanno,"  
as *Dante* says of *Aristotle* in *Inferno*, III

In the first edition, in the centre of the  
four quadrangles was a huge tower  
Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies  
Shudder'd with silent stars, she clomb,  
And as with optic glasses her keen eyes  
Pierced thro' the mystic dome,

Regions of lucid matter taking forms,  
 Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,  
 Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee like  
     swarms  
     Of suns, and starry streams

She saw the snowy poles and moons of Mars,  
 That mystic field of dusted light  
 In mid Orion and the married stars <sup>1</sup>

"*Moons of Mars*" is the only modern  
 reading here. All the rest are more than  
 half a century old

p 180 line 15 *as morn from Memnon* [The statue  
 of Memnon near Thebes was said to give  
 forth music when the rays of the rising sun  
 struck it —FD]

p 181 line 10 *anadems, crowns* [Cf Shelley's *Adonais*,  
 xi

"and threw  
 The wreath upon him, like an anadem,  
 Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem"  
 ED]

p 181 line 12 *hollow'd moons of gems* [gems hollowed  
 out for lamps —ED]

p 181 After line 20 used to come these verses

"From shape to shape at first within the womb  
 The brain is moulded," she began,  
 "And thro' all phases of all thought I come  
 Unto the perfect man"

<sup>1</sup> These last three lines were altered by my father from the 1832  
 edition, and written down by him for this Note

All nature widens upward    Evermore  
 The simpler essence lower lies,  
 More complex is more perfect, owning more  
 Discourse, more widely wise "

p 183 line 7

*The abysmal deeps of Personality*

Arthur Hallam once pointed out to me, or I to him, a quotation in some review from J P Richter where he talks of an "abysmal Ich" "I believe that redemption is universal in so far as it left no obstacle between man and God but man's own will, that indeed is in the power of God's election, with whom alone rest the abysmal secrets of personality" (*A H Hallam's Remains*, p 132)

p 184 line 6

*And, with dim fretted foreheads all*

Cf "moth fretted garments" Not wrinkled,  
 but worm fretted (Old English *fretan*, to eat)

p 184 line 19

*The hollow orb of morning Circumstance*

Some old writer calls the Heavens "the Circumstance" When an undergraduate, a friend said to me, "How fine the word 'circumstance' is, used in that sense" Here it is more or less a play on the word The Ptolemaic astronomy describes the universe as scooped out of chaos

p 187 *LADY CLARA VFREDFVRE* [First published in 1842, although written early —ED] A dramatic poem drawn from no particular character

p 189 line 11

*The gardener Adam and his wife*

"The grand old gardener" in my original MS was altered to "the gardener Adam" because of the frequent letters from friends asking me for explanation

p 191 *THE MAY QUEEN* [An early poem first written in Lincolnshire, and published in the edition dated 1833, except the "Conclusion," added and published in 1842 FitzGerald says "*The May Queen* is all I Lincolnshire in land, as *Locksley Hall* its sea board"—ED ]

p 193 line 8 *cuckoo flowers* Lady's smock (*Candidum pratensis*) [Cf

"When daisies pied and violets blue  
And lady smocks all silver white," etc  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, v ii 905—ED ]

p 195 *THE MAY QUEEN NEW YEAR'S GIFTS*

p 195 line 8 *The blossom on the blackthorn* "The May upon the blackthorn"—how did this reading get into the original text? The May was so late that there was only blackthorn in May

p 196 line 2 *Charles's Wain*, "The Great Bear," or "The Plough," or, according to the old Egyptians, "The Thigh"

p 199 *THE MAY QUEEN CONCLUSION*

p 200 line 9, *death watch* a beetle (*Arctium tessellatum*) whose ticking is supposed to forebode death

p 201 line 13 *window bars* Looks as if brought in for the rhyme I was thinking of our old house, where all the upper windows had iron bars, for there were eleven of us children living in the upper story

p 204 *THE LOTOS EATERS* [First published in the edition dated 1833, much altered and published in 1842 —ED] The treatment of *Cenone* and *The Lotos Eaters* is, as far as I know, original Of course the subject of *The Lotos Eaters* is taken from the *Odyssey*, ix 82 foll

p 204 line 3

*In the afternoon they came unto a land*

"The strand" was, I think, my first reading, but the no rhyme of "land" and "land" was lazier

p 204 line 8

*And like a downward smole, the slender stream*

Taken from the waterfall at Gavarnie, in the Pyrenees, when I was 20 or 21

p 204 line 11 *Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn*

Lying among these mountains before this, waterfall, that comes down one thousand or twelve hundred feet, I sketched it (according to my custom then) in these words

p 205 line 7 *slender galingale* I meant the *Cyperus papyrus* of Linnæus

p 206 line 2 *wandering fields* Made by me on a voyage from Bordeaux to Dublin (1830) I saw a great creamy slope of sea on the horizon, rolling toward us

I often, as I say, chronicle on the spot, in four or five words or more, whatever strikes me as picturesque in nature

p 206 *LOFOS EATERS CHORIC SONG*

p 206 line 11 *Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes*

I printed, contrary to my custom, "tir'd," not "tired," for fear that the readers might pronounce the word "tirèd," whereas I wished them to read it "tierd," prolonging as much as might be the diphthongic <sup>1</sup>

[When at Somersby (1830 37) my father now and then listened to the singing and playing of his sisters He had a love for the simple style of Mozart, and for our own national airs and ballads, but only cared for complicated music as suggesting echoes of winds and waves FitzGerald, in a note on *The Dream of Fair Women*, St XLIV, says "A T was not thought to have an ear for music, and I remember little of his execution in that line except humming over 'The weary pund o' tow,' which was more because of the weary moral, I think, than for any music's sake Carlyle, however, once said, 'The man must have music dormant in him, revealing itself

<sup>1</sup> Making the word neither monosyllabic nor dissyllabic, but a dreamy child of the two



in 1696' I remember A T speaking of Haydn's 'Chaos,' which he had heard at some Oratorio He said, 'The violins *spoile* of *light*'" Venables wrote in 1835 "I almost wonder that you *with your love of music and tobacco* do not go and live in some such place" (18 Prague) —ED ]

p 209 line 4

*To the influence of mild minded melancholy*

An early sonnet (*Englishman's Magazine*, 1831) ran thus

Check every outburst, every ruder sally  
Of thought and speech, speak low, and  
give up wholly

Thy spirit to mild minded Melancholy

p 210 line 4 *amaranth*, the immortal flower of legend

p 210 line 4 *moly*, the sacred herb of mystical power,  
used as a charm by Odysseus against Circe

p 210 line 13 *acanthus*, the plant seen in the capitals  
of Corinthian pillars

p 211 line 6 *On the hills lie Gods together* [Cf  
note above on p 362 (*Ænone*, p 163, line 12),  
and Lucretius, v 83, vi 58

Nam bene qui didicere deos securum agere  
aevum

Hor *Sat* 1 5 101

Namque deos didici securum agere aevum  
ED ]

p 213 *A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN* Published in 1832 [in the edition dated 1833, and much altered in 1842 —ED ]

[FitzGerald notes "*The Dream of Fair Women* in the 1st Ed of (dated) 1833 begins with the following stanzas, of which the three first may stand as a separate Poem —

As when a man that sails in a balloon,  
Down looking, sees the solid shining ground  
Stream from beneath him in the broad blue  
noon,  
Tilth, hamlet, mead and mound

And takes his flags and waves them to the  
mob,

That shout below, all faces turn'd to where  
Glow's ruby like the fit up crimson globe,  
Fill'd with a finer air,

So, lifted high, the poet at his will  
Lets the great world flit from him, seeing all,  
Higher thro' secret splendours mounting still,  
Self poised, nor fears to fall,

Hearing apart the echoes of his fame  
While I spoke thus, the seedsman, memory,  
Sow'd my deep furrow'd thought with many a  
name,  
Whose glory will not die "

ED ]

p 213 line 3 *the morning star of song* Chaucer, the first great English poet, wrote the *Legend of*

*Good Women* From among these Cleopatra  
alone appears in my poem

- p 213 line 5 *Dan*, from *dominus* [Cf Spenser's  
"Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled"  
*Faerie Queene*, IV II XXXII —FD]

- p 214 line 11 *tortoise*, the "testudo" of ancient war  
Warriors with shields upheld on their heads  
advanced, as under a strong shed, against the  
wall of a beleaguered city

- p 215 line 18 *In an old wood* The wood is the Past,  
Cf p 217, lines 7, 8

the wood is all thine own  
Until the end of time,  
i.e. time backward

- p 216 lines 5 8

*The dim red morn had died, her journey done,  
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,  
Half fall'n across the threshold of the sun,  
Never to rise again*

This stanza refers to the early past How  
magnificently old Turner would have painted it

- p 217 line 9

*At length I saw a lady within call*  
Helen of Troy

- p 217 line 11 *A daughter of the gods*, daughter of  
Zeus and Leda Some call her daughter of  
Zeus and Nemesis.

p 218 line 4

*To one that stood beside*

Iphigenia, who was sacrificed by Agamemnon  
to Artemis

p 218 line 10

*Which men call'd Aulis in those iron years*

This line (as far as I recollect) is almost  
synchronous with the old reading, but the  
inversion there, "Which yet to name my spirit  
loathes and fears," displeased me

p 218 line 11

*My father held his hand upon his face*

[No doubt my father had in his mind the  
famous picture by Limnthes, *The Sacrifice  
of Iphigenia* (described by Valerius Maximus,  
viii 11 6), of which there is a Pompeian  
wall painting Also the passage in Lucietius,  
1 84 foll —ED ]

p 218 lines 17 20

*The high masts flut'er'd as they lay afloat ,*

*The crowds, the temples, water'd, and the  
shore*

*The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat ,*

*Touch'd , and I knew no more*

Originally the verse, which I thought too  
ghastly realistic, ran thus

The tall masts quiver'd as they lay afloat ,

The temples and the people and the shore ,  
One drew a sharp knife thro' my tender throat  
Slowly,—and nothing more

p 219 line 11

*A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes*

I was thinking of Shakespeare's Cleopatra

"Think of me

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black '

*Antony and Cleopatra*, 1 v 28

Millais has made a mulatto of her in his illustration I know perfectly well that she was a Greek "Swarthy" merely means sunburnt I should not have spoken of her breast as "polished silver" if I had not known her as a white woman Read "sunburnt" if you like it better

p 220 line 3 *That dull cold blooded Cæsar* Mark Antony deserted Octavian for Cleopatra Then followed the battle of Actium, where Antony was defeated She strove to fascinate him, as she had fascinated Julius Cæsar, but, not succeeding, "with a worm" she "balk'd his fame"

p 220 line 10 *Canopus*, in the constellation of Argo

p 221 line 5 *I died a Queen* Cf "Non humilis mulier" (Hor *Od* 1 37 32)

p 222 line 2

*A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn*

Jephthah's daughter Cf Judges, chap xi

p 224 line 4 *battled*, *combattled*, *battlemented*

p 224 line 9

*Saw God divide the night with flying flame,*

[Cf

Diespiter

*Igni corusco nubila dividens*

Horace, *Od* 1 34 5 —ED ]

p 225 lines 1 3

*my race*

*Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Arocr*

*On Arnon unto Minneth*

See Judges vi

p 225 line 7

*Thridding, the sombre boshage of the wood*

Threading the dark thickets Cf "every  
bosky bourn" (*Comus*, 313)

p 226 line 3 *Fulvia*, wife of Antony, named by  
Cleopatra as a parallel to Eleanor

p 226 lines 7, 8

*The captain of my dreams*

*Ruled in the eastern sky*

Venus, the star of morning

p 226 lines 10, 11

*her, who clasp'd in her last trance*

*Her murder'd father's head*

Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas  
More, who is said to have transferred his head-  
less corpse from the Tower to Chelsea Church  
Sir Thomas More's head had remained for

fourteen days on London Bridge after his execution, and was about to be thrown into the Thames to make room for others, when she clumed and bought it. For this she was cast into prison. She died nine years after her father, and was buried at St Dunstan's, Canterbury, but in the year 1715 the vault was opened, and it is stated that she was found in her coffin, clasping the small laden box which inclosed her father's head.

p 226 lines 13 16

*Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,  
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,  
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,  
Sweet as new buds in Spring*

Eleonor, wife of Edward I, went with him to the Holy Land (1269), where he was stabbed at Acre with a poisoned dagger. She sucked the poison from the wound.

p 228 *THE BLACKBIRD* [Written about 1833 and published in 1842 —ED ]

p 228 line 12 *jenneting*, an early apple, ripe in June  
Juneting, i.e. June eating

p 229 line 1

*And in the sultry garden squares*

was in the original MS

I better brook the drawling stares,

i.e. starlings

p 229 lines 3, 4

*I hear thee not at all, or hoarse  
As when a hawler hawks his wares*

Charles Kingsley confirmed this

p 230 *THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR* [First published in 1832 —ED ]

p 232 line 2 *rue for you*, mourn for you Cf in transitive use of "rue"

"Nought shall make us rue"

*King John*, v vii 117

p 233 *To J S* [First published in 1832 —ED ]

Addressed to James Spedding, the biographer of Bacon His brother was Edward Spedding, a friend of mine, who died in his youth

p 234 line 3 *Once thro' mine own doors* The death of my father [On a day in March 1831 he was found leaning back in his study chair, having passed away peacefully Charles Tennyson Turner writes "He suffered little, and after death his countenance, which was strikingly lofty and peaceful, was, I trust, an image of the condition of his soul, which on earth was daily racked by bitter fancies, and tossed about by stormy troubles"—FD ]

p 237 *ON A MOURNER* [Written early, but first published in *Selections*, 1865 See *Memor*, vol II p 19 —FD ]

p 237 line 9 *hum'd the dropping snipe* The snipe makes a humming noise as it drops to earth



p 237 line 10 *marsh pipe*, *ma'restail* (Originally the paddock pipe)

p 238 lines 19, 20

*while all the fleet*

*Had rest by stony hulls of Crete*

[Cf *Ae' eid*, III 135, 147 177 — ED]

p 239 *YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT LAST* [Written about 1833, and first published in 1842 — FD]

This and the two following poems, *Of old sat Freedom* and *Lore thou thy land*, are said to have been versified from a speech by my friend Spedding at the Cambridge Union. I am reported as having gone home and written these three poems during the night and shown them to him in the morning. The speech is purely mythical, at least I never heard it, and no poem of mine was ever founded upon it.

In the first, *You ask me why, etc*, there is a similarity to a note by Spedding [which Sir Henry Taylor has introduced at the close of one of his plays], and why not, for I thoroughly agreed with him about politics. Aubrey de Vere showed these poems to Wordsworth, they were the first poems of mine which he read. [Cf *Memor*, vol 1 p 126 — FD]

p 239 line 11

*[Where Freedom slowly broadens down*

has been repeatedly misprinted "broadens

slowly" My father never, if he could help it, put two *s*'s together, and the original MS, stood as it stands now —ED ]

*p* 241 *OF OLD SAT PARADISE ON THE HEIGHTS*  
[First published in 1842, written about 1833  
—ED ]

*p* 241 line 15

*Who, God like, grasps the triple fates*

Like Zeus with his "trisolca fulminā," the thunderbolts [Ovid, *Mét* ii 848, "trisolcis ignibus", Ovid, *Ib* 471, "telo trisolco"—ED ]

*p* 243 *LOVE THOU THY LAND, WITH LOVE I AM BROUGHT* [First published in 1842, written about 1833 —ED ]

*p* 246 line 12 [*the rising wind* of revolutionary change —ED ]

*p* 248 *ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782* First published in a New York paper in 1874

*p* 248 line 8

*Retought the lesson thou hadst taught*

Copy of part of a letter of mine to Walt Whitman

*Nov* 15 '87

"The coming year should give new life to every American, who has breathed the breath of that soil which inspired the great founders of the American constitution, whose work you are to celebrate I ruly the mother country,

pondering on this, may feel that howmuchso ever the daughter owes to her, she the mother has something to learn from the daughter Especially I would note the care taken to guard a noble constitution from rash and unwise innovators "

p 250 *THE GOOSE* [First published in 1842 —FD ]

p 253 *THE EPIC* Mrs Browning wanted me to continue this she has put my answer in *Aurora Leigh*

p 255 line 8 *mouthung out his hollow oes and aes*  
[Edward FitzGerald writes "*Morte d'Arthur* when read to us from manuscript in 1835 had no introduction or epilogue, which were added to anticipate or excuse the 'faint Homeric echoes,' etc<sup>1</sup> *Mouthung out his hollow oes and aes, deep chested music*, this is something as A. T. read, with a broad north country vowel His voice, very deep and deep chested, but rather murmuring than mouthung, like the sound of a fir sea or of a pine wood This voice, I remember, greatly struck Carlyle when he first came to know him"—ED ]

p 256 *MORTE D'ARTHUR* [First written in 1835, and published in 1842 My father was fond of

<sup>1</sup> As in *The Day Dream*, to give a reason for telling an old world tale

reading this poem aloud At the end of May 1835 he repeated some of it to FitzGerald while in a boat on Windermere FitzGerald notes the two lines

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
Upon the hidden bases of the hills

“‘That is not bad, I think,’ (A. F.) said to me while rowing on Windermere with him, in May 1835, when this Poem was in MS”—ED.]

The whole of my Idylls is the dream of man coming into practical life and ruined by one sin Birth is a mystery and death is a mystery, and in the midst lies the table land of life, and its struggles and performances It is not the history of one man or of one generation, but of a whole cycle of generations

Arthur lived about 500 A.D., and defeated his enemies in a pitched battle in the Welsh kingdom of Strathclyde, and the earliest allusions to him are to be found in the Welsh bards of the seventh century.<sup>1</sup>

In the twelfth century Geoffrey of Monmouth collected the legends about Arthur as a great conqueror in his *History of the Britons*, and translated them from Celtic into Latin Walter Map, born 1143, made Archdeacon of Oxford 1196, added the *Quest of*

<sup>1</sup> Throughout his life my father carefully studied

“what resounds

In fable or romance of Uther's son,

Begirt by British and Armoric knights ”

*the San Graal* The *Morte D'Arthur* by Sir Thomas Malory was printed by Caxton in 1485

[In Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales* there are four primitive poems naming Arthur which my father often quoted

1	Vol 1	p 259	Welsh in vol II	p 155
2	"	261	"	" 50
3	"	264	"	" 181
4	"	266	"	" 274 and 37

(1) is by Taliessin, named Kadeir Teyrnion (Sovereign's Chair), where Arthur is called "the blessed Arthur"

(2) only names Arthur

(3) is also by Taliessin, named Preidden Annwfn (the Spoils of Hades), and appears to relate to one of Arthur's expeditions

(4) on Geraint and Llongborth, where Arthur is called "Amheraudyr llaur"—"Imperator laboris"

Arthur's unknown grave is mentioned in No XIIV of the Verses on the Graves of Warriors (Englynnionn y Bedef) (Skene, vol I 315 and II 28)

"A mystery to the world, the grave of Arthur"

In the Triads of Arthur and his Warriors (Skene, vol II pp 456 7), Arthur's name is mentioned in No 1 as chief lord of three tribe thrones, and occurs again in Nos XVIII, XXIII

The seventh stanza of the Apple song about Arthur, as printed in Stephens' *Literature of the Kymry*, 1876 (which my father considered an excellent book), prophesies the return of Arthur and Medrawd, and renewal of the battle of Camlan —ED ]

p 256 line 4 *Lyonnesse* The country of legend that lay between Cornwall and the Scilly Islands and included part of Cornwall

p 257 line 13 *samite*, a rich silk stuff inwrought with gold and silver threads (εξέμυτον, woven with six kinds of thread)

p 258 line 13 *topaz lights* The topaz is a precious stone of varying colours (perhaps from root "tap," to shine —Skeat)

p 258 line 13 *jacinth* is the hyacinth stone, blue and purple Cf Rev xvi 20

p 258 line 16

*This way and that dividing the swift mind*

A translation of Virgil, *Aeneid*, iv 285

Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc  
dividit illuc

εν δέ οἱ ἦτορ διάνδιχα μερμήριζεν

Il 1 188

p 259 line 12 *lief*, beloved Alder liefest (2 *Hen VI* 1 1 28), most beloved of all

p 261 line 22 *a streamer of the northern morn*,  
Aurora Borealis

p 261 line 23 *the moving isles of winter*, icebergs

p 262 line 12 *three lives of mortal men* Nestor  
was called τριγέρων *Anthol P vii 144*  
(cf *Od iii 245*)

τρίς γὰρ δὴ μὴν φασὶ αἰάσασθαι γενεῖ ἀνδρῶν

p 264 line 6 *Three Queens* In the original *Morte D'Arthur* one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay, the other was the Queen of Northgalis, the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands. Some say that the three Queens are Faith, Hope, and Charity.

[The Bishop of Ripon once asked my father whether they were right who interpreted the three Queens as Faith, Hope, and Charity. He answered "They are right, and they are not right. They mean that, and they do not. They are three of the noblest of women. They are also those three Graces, but they are much more. I hate to be tied down to say, '*This* means *that*,' because the thought within the image is much more than any one interpretation"—ED.]

p 264 line 23 *greaves and cutsses*, leg and thigh armour  
(*coxa*, thigh)

p 265 line 24

*Lest one good custom should corrupt the world*  
*E.g.* chivalry, by formalism of habit or by any  
other means

p 266 line 12 *Bound by gold chains* [My father said that this passage was not, as has been said suggested by *Il* viii 19

σειρήν χρυσεῖην ἐξ οὐρανόθεν κρεμάσαντες,  
 ταντες δ' ἐξάπτεισθε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θεῖναι  
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν ἐρισαίτ' ἐξ οὐρανοθεὶ πεδιονδε  
 Λῆν' ὑπατον μήστωρ', οὐδ' εἰ μάλα πολλὰ καμοίτε  
 or by Plato, *Theaetetus*, 153 —L.D.]

p 266 line 16

*To the island valley of Avilion,*

or Avalon There is an island of this name off Brittany, and Avilion also stands for the ancient "isle of Glastonbury" The Welsh Afallon literally means the "Apple trees" It is here the island to which Arthur is borne in the barge, and from which he will some day return—the Isle of the Blest

p 266 line 17

*Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow*

Cf *Od* iv 566

οὐ νιφετος, οὐτ' ἄρ' χεῖμὼν πολὺς οὔτε ποτ'  
 ομβρος

and Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, iii 18 foll

sedesque quietae

Quas neque concutiunt venti, nec nubila  
 nimbis

Aspergunt neque nix acri concreta pruina

Cum cadens violat semperque innubilis  
 aether

Integit, et large diffuso lumine rident



p 266 line 19 *Deep meadow'd*

θῆκεν δὲ καὶ βαθυλειμων ἱπὸ Κίρρας ἀγὼν  
πέτραι κρατησίποδα Φρικίαι

Pind *Pyth* x 23

Also 'Ανθειαν βαθυλειμον, Hom *Il* ix 151

p 266 line 20 *ισων'd with summer sea* Cf

νήσον, τὴν πέρι πόντος ἀπειριτος εὐστεφανωται

*Od* x 195

p 269 *THE GARDE\FR'S DAUGHTER, OR, THE PICTURES* Written at Cambridge [and corrected in Spedding's chambers at 60 Lincoln's Inn Fields, and published in 1842 --ED]

The centre of the poem, that passage describing the girl, must be full and rich. The poem is so, to a fault, especially the descriptions of nature, for the lover is an artist, but, this being so, the central picture must hold its place.

p 271 lines 1, 2

*Barge laden, to three arches of a bridge  
Crown'd with the munster towers*

Sir Henry Layton used to quote this as a picture for a painter.

p 273 line 1

*The mallow ouzel (pronounced ooze!) fluted in  
the elm*

"The wooselcock so black of hue,  
With orange tawny bill"

*Mid Night's Dream*, III i 128

The merry blackbird sang among the trees  
 would seem quite as good a line to nine tenths  
 of all English men and women Who knows  
 but that the Cockney may come to read it

The meller housel fluted i' the helm  
 Who knows what English may come to ?

p 273 line 2 *redcap* Provincial for goldfinch

[I remember my father's telling me that  
 FitzGerald had guessed rightly that the autumn  
 landscape, which in the first edition was de-  
 scribed in the lines beginning "Her beauty  
 grew," was taken from the background of a  
 litian (Lord Ellesmere's *Ages of Man*) My  
 father said that perhaps in consequence they  
 had been omitted They ran thus

Her beauty grew *till drawn in narrowing  
 arcs*

*The southing Autumn touch'd with sallower  
 gleams*

*The granges on the fallows* At that time  
 Iired of the noisy town I wander'd there,  
 The bell toll'd four, and by the time I reach'd  
 The Wicket gate I found her by herself

ED ]

p 281 DORA [Written about 1835, and first published  
 in 1842 —ED] Partly suggested by Miss  
 Mitford's story, *Dora Creswell*, which is  
 cheerful in tone, whereas this is sad, it is

the same landscape — one in sunshine, the other in shadow

Spedding used humorously to say that this was the poem which Wordsworth always intended to have written

p 281 lines 15, 16

*he and I*

*Had once hard words*

This quarrel is not in Miss Mitford

p 284 line 2

*Far off the farmer came into the field*

From this line to the end of the poem I have not followed Miss Mitford

p 284 line 7

*And the sun fell, and all the land was dark*

δίσκετό τ ἡελιος, σκιοωντό τε πῦσαι σγυιαί

Homer, *Od. passim*

p 288 *AUDLEY COURT* [first published in 1842 — Ed] Partially suggested by Abbey Park at Torquay in the old time

p 289 line 15 *four field system* [the planting in rotation of turnips, barley, clover, and wheat — Ed]

p 291 line 17

*Sole star of phosphorescence in the calm*

This line was added afterwards. No reader seemed to have understood this allusion. A

French translator has translated it *une verte étincelle* Forquay was in the old days the loveliest sea village in England, and is now a town. In those old days I, coming down from the hill over Forquay, saw a "star of phosphorescence" made by the little buoy appearing and disappearing in the dark sea, and was at first puzzled by it.

p 292 *WALKING TO THE MAIL* [First published in 1842 —ED]

p 295 line 13 *flayflint*, a skinflint

p 295 line 15 [*We paid in person* *He had a sow, sir* This is an Eton story. The "leads" were above Long Chamber —ED]

p 296 line 11 *best foot* "Best boot" was a misprint in several editions

p 297 *EDWIN MORRIS, OR, THE LAKE* [First published in 1851 —ED]

p 300 line 15 [*The Latin song I learnt at school* refers to Catullus, *Acme and Septimius*, xlv lines 8, 9

Hoc ut dixit, Amor, sinistra ut ante,

Dextram sternuit approbationem

FD]

p 301 line 22 *Sweet Gale*, bog myrtle

p 302 line 19 *a mystic token from the king* Writ from the old Court of Common Pleas.

- p 304 *ST SIMEON STYLITES* [First published in 1842 To be read of in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, iv 320 (Milman Smith's), and Hone's *Every Day Book*, vol 1 pp 35 36 FitzGerald notes "This is one of the Poems A T would read with grotesque Grimness, especially at such passages as 'Coughs, Aches, Stitches, etc,' laughing aloud at times" See the pendant to this poem, *St Telemachus*, vol ix p 293 —ED ]

END OF VOL I

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